THE

SYSTEM:

A

POEM.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

By the Rev. JOSEPH WISE.

Ὁ προκαταγιγνώσκων δὲ πρὶν ἀκοῦσαι σαφῶς,
Αὐτὸς πονηρός ἐστι, φιτρευσὰς κακῶς.

MENANDER.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE SYSTEM.

BOOK II.

THAT in perfection the Creation roſe,
Bliſs built on virtue, bound by moral laws;
That moral creatures did by ſinning fall;
And thence the woes on this terraqueous ball;
That pain, affliction, death conſpire to guide
The wandering ſoul, and humble rebel pride;
How wiſe, how good, how excellent the plan;
One teſt diſcovers.— Reaſoners! What is MAN?

I. A *living ſoul* (1), whoſe ends four pow'rs fulfil,
Two prime, two medial: prime are *Senſe* and *Will*.
Paſſive is *Senſe* impreſſions to receive:
Active is *Will* due agency to give.
Imagination, *Memory*, aſſign'd
In aid of thoſe, are medial pow'rs ſubjoin'd;
Betwixt thoſe primes, as mediums ſerve; for thence,
The Will excites ideas on the Senſe.

Senſe, wholly bound, perceives by fatal laws:
It ought; its uſe from that condition flows.

Reaſon and *Paſſion* are its modes, to know,
This fit and unfit, *that* delight and woe.
Will, wholly free, can freely act as fit;
As pow'rs ſubjoin'd and objects will permit.
Imagination ſeparates, combines,
Adjuſts ideas, forming all deſigns.
Memory does Ideas paſt reſtore;
And conſcious make, that ſuch were felt before.
By all theſe pow'rs we *reaſon*, — make the ſenſe
Compare ideas, judge the conſequence.
Theſe pow'rs, exerted, reach a large degree;
Pervade through nature up to deity.
Man, ſo endu'd, 'tis plain, muſt bliſs ſecure
By duty paid, by uſe of moral pow'r (2).
1. Nothing's more evident than nature's free;
Man by God's will, God by neceſſity.
Free to exert our pow'rs, direct, attend,
To act or not to act to nature's end,
Free are we as we ought: in fit degrees
We ſeek or ſhun all objects, as we pleaſe.
Senſe indeed *muſt* diſtinguiſh falſe from true,
Painful from pleaſant: beſt, if nicely, too:
Senſe and its Objects mutually require,
That fit impreſſions muſt excite deſire;
That proper evidences muſt convince;
Elſe what the uſe of objects? What of ſenſe?
All pow'rs muſt of neceſſity be pow'rs;
But then to modify their force is ours.
The ſenſe we turn, as we direct the eye,
To any object or remote or nigh; *
Attend or not to get ideas true;
Compare or not to value each as due;
And freely this or that approach or ſhun,
As now we take the ſhade, and now the ſun:
The ſenſe we alſo temper, at a glance,
To love or hate, or any thing by chance.

Thus

* See Origen, Tom. 3, de Princip.

Senſe & its Objects mutually require,

Thus are we free; have ample ſcope aſſign'd,
To ply the ſenſe, to ply each pow'r ſubjoin'd.
'Tis true, the pow'rs, which freely Will employs,
Beyond their ſtrength and objects cannot riſe.
Hence Will's effects are wiſely bound: but ſtill,
In its own nature, boundleſs is the Will:
In its own nature ſo entirely free,
With eaſe it wills what muſt not, cannot, be,
Tho' right can ne'er be wrong, nor joy be woe,
Nor light be darkneſs — we can *will* them ſo,
Tho' men may not, like angels, ſoar on wing,
Yet can they *will*, or this or any thing.
The Will, the Will is free, in ſpite of wit,
To *will* as poſſible, to *act* as fit.
Senſe without Will (if ſenſe without can be)
To reaſon or to paſſion were not free: (3)
Reaſon were only ſenſe of wrong and right,
Unable to direct or uſe its ſight:
Paſſion were ſenſe of pleaſure or of pain,
Void of deſire to ſhun, or to obtain:
'Tis Will advances paſſion to deſire:
Deſire is act, and act muſt Will require.
Imagination (like an inſtrument,
Wherewith the Will new ſcenes on ſenſe does paint;
A middle pow'r, which if ſuppos'd abſtract,
Both ſenſe and Will might both exiſt and act)
Imagination acts by Will alone;
Abſtracting Will, were dormant and unknown.
Mem'ry (the other middle pow'r, which gives
To keep, recal the ſcenes, which ſenſe receives)
Mem'ry were impotent abſtracting Will:
It could not act; of courſe, no end fulfil.
Theſe other pow'rs aſſume from Will their uſe;
Thence all the glories of their force produce.
Senſe, when impreſs'd by objects, can attend
To judge and to deſire; its proper end.
Imagination, in its aid, combines
Ideas in all modes, to all deſigns.

And mem'ry, aiding too, unfolds the page
Of paſt events; recals each ſcene, each age.
Thus all the pow'rs, employ'd by Will, agree
To noble ends, in wond'rous harmony (4).
2. Evil they riſe to ſhun, and good purſue;
Being, or well-being, ſome way, ſtill their view.
God or his creatures in our love ſupreme,
Natural or moral beauty be our theme,
Or both united form one lovely fair,
To gratify ourſelves is ſtill our care.
All nature living labours to poſſeſs
The crown of all perfection, HAPPINESS.

O Happineſs! how much imports that name!
Say how defin'd? 'Tis "*Pleaſure*," all exclaim.
Pleaſure mature, abundant and ſublime,
Without allay, and durable as time.
What's pleaſure?—*Love*, (love logically meant)
'Tis ſenſe's love of objects, that preſent:
Rather, *a Mode of Love:* it can but riſe
In *Love, that either hopes, or that enjoys:*
For *Love, that courts its object all in vain,*
And *Hate that ſhuns*, are modes of ſenſe, call'd *Pain.*
"Then, be my Love auſpicious!"—You exclaim:
"Give me my lov'd, whate'er its kind or name!"
Ah Friend! the wicked and the fool admire
With erring judgment and with vain deſire.
Pleaſures too many, but as pleaſures riſe
From our diſtemper, or from their diſguiſe,
Or from mere fancy, whence the ugliеſt ill
May charm the chooſer, merely 'cauſe he will.
Pleaſures like theſe, which throng in folly's train,
Are far from happineſs; are ſpecious bane.
Where is the *Fit*, the *Unfit*?—If we pleaſe,
We watch to modify our choice by theſe.
Sacred regard to theſe alone can bleſs:
Theſe are important more than happineſs.

Yes,

Yea, Happineſs (defin'd the prime delight,
Nature can taſte) lies all in *loving right.*
'Tis plain, that happineſs without this rule
Can *not* exiſt; Pleaſure can *not* be full.*
Both God and nature ſternly muſt deny;
Our own ſlave reaſon ſcarcely will comply.
Made for probation, *fit* we muſt attend;
Or loſe the good as devious from the end.
Probation all, which agents undergo,
Is *ſeeking* and *avoiding* well or no.
'Tis plain, no pleaſure is a genuine good,
Unleſs conform'd to nature's rectitude,
Of genuine pleaſure *Happineſs* muſt be;
And That depends upon conditions three:
Competent *Faculties*, convenient *Uſe*,
And proper *Objects* muſt the thing produce:
The firſt and laſt from ſovereign grace accrue;
The ſecond, ours, ſecures the other two:
But what is ours is many's: full conſent
Finiſhes happineſs; demurs prevent.
'Tis the reſult of aptitude in all,
(Tempers and Objects) happineſs we call;
That mode it is of love, which ſole can bleſs:
Fit love with objects fit is happineſs.
The love is *virtuous love*, which makes each ſoul
A perfect member of a perfect whole;
Pure ſocial holy love, which pleaſure draws
From chooſing uſing objects by fit laws,
By wiſdom's laws, which mark each moral mode
Reſpecting ſelf, ſociety and God;
A love embracing all with right eſteem,
In due gradation, holding God Supreme;
In ſhort, a love ſole-gratify'd in right,
From full perfection quaffing full delight.
This love from virtuous tempers muſt accrue;
And, to be bleſt, muſt have fit objects too;

For

* Ὁ, τι καλόν, φίλον ἐστί· τὸ δ' ἐ καλὸν, ἐ φίλον ἐστί. Theognidis Sententiæ;

For unſupply'd, ſuch love (altho' of bliſs
The very eſſence) grievous miſery is.
Wherefore, depending each on other for
Fit tempers much, and for fit objects more,
'Tis plain, that happineſs can only be
In univerſal virtuous harmony,
In full conſent, where all conſpire to good;
Fit uſe conſerving nature's rectitude.
Chiefly on God, the firſt and final Cauſe,
We muſt confide, obedient to his laws;
Next, each depend on all: conſocial bliſs
Is God's intention; all he form'd for this:
All in their kind and ſtation ſhou'd refer
To this intention; curſed if they err,
Bleſs'd if obedient: from obedience due
Happineſs pure eternal muſt accrue.
Obedience is conſpiring with the whole,
As members of one body and one ſoul,
To ſerve the world, and glorify the great
Imperial God, according to our ſtate.
On ſuch obedience happineſs depends,
As health on organs perfecting their ends:
By ſuch obedience, kept is nature's ſtate;
Objects and pow'rs remain inviolate;
And virtuous love, from all diffuſive, reigns,
Suſtain'd by that obedience, it ſuſtains;
In plentitude, in full fruition, is
Nature's all-perfect bond, all perfect bliſs.
O might this love its ancient throne regain!
Throughout the whole expanſe of nature reign;
Fill every Individual, 'till none know
Depraved Love, whence enmity and woe!
Lo then! when all to virtuous love apply,
God deigns to ſmile with benedictive eye;
His ſpirit breathes with beatific might,
And gladdens all with exquiſite delight!
This, this is HAPPINESS!

O mark, my friends!
Sacredly mark the point where all depends!
The point, we here demonſtratively prove,
Is loving right, is noble virtuous love.
Contend for this! then, happineſs the prize
Aſſur'dly gain—in Heaven, if earth denies:
All-judging God, in juſtice and in grace,
Will find for virtuous ſouls a proper place,
A place of bliſs; while vicious ſouls ſhall go
To regions meet for them, a place of woe.

3. To clear the point, expatiate and ſurvey
How here converges nature's ev'ry ray:
Fit pow'rs, fit objects, all, to reach their end,
Require fit uſe—to virtuous love muſt bend.

Behold the Creature, Man! See pow'rs beſtow'd
That each may live for all, and all for God:
But, made their ends by trial to attain,
Without good uſe beſtow'd are all in vain,*
The pow'rs each other mutually excite
In all exertions, whether wrong or right;
Each ſtill does each (ſuch mutual force they have)
As right or wrong, ennoble or deprave,
But all exertions, or to good or ill,
Riſe, and are rul'd as far as fit, by Will.
The chief pow'r Will muſt well command the reſt,
To keep all right to proper ends addreſt.
Reaſon and Paſſion (modes of ſenſe, to know,
This fit and unfit, that delight and woe)
Demand exertion: reaſon, like the eye,
Natures relations deſtin'd to deſcry,
Muſt, for probation, by convenient uſe,
Perceive, diſtinguiſh, and the truth produce:†

Neglect

* Τῶν πόνων πωλεῦσιν ἡμῖν πάντ' ἀγαθὰ θεοὶ. Epicharmus.
Οὐδὲν ἄνευ καμάτου πέλει ανδράσιν ἰυπετὶς ἔργον,
Οὐδ' αὐτοῖς μακάρεσσι· πονῶ δ' ἀρετὴν μεγ' ὀφέλλει.
Phocylides.
See alſo, Virgil, Georg. Lib. I. lin. 121, &c.

† Heb. v. 14.

Neglect makes error; and abuſe (far worſe)
This nobleſt bleſſing turns to vileſt curſe.
Paſſion (which with ideas takes its date;)
Has two great modes, entitled love and hate;
Which two in ſubdivided modes abound,
In modes of modes, to which ſcarce names are found;
Pleaſures or pains, as ſenſe and objects ſuit;
Virtuous or vicious, as is ſenſe their root;
Natural or moral, ſelfiſh, ſocial, juſt
As objects are; (as for probation muſt)
Paſſion, in all its modes, aſks reaſon nice,
To cheriſh virtue, and to ſtifle vice.
If Will makes reaſon fitly uſe its ſight,
It tends to guide the modes of paſſion right;
If reaſon errs, it tends to make them ſtray;
They grow degenerate, and to vice decay:
And when decay'd, habitually deprav'd,
Reaſon's by them perverted and enſlav'd.
On fit conditions modes of Paſſion riſe,
As ſenſe to objects in relation lies.
In nature's full perfection, it is plain,
Only the good and pleaſant cou'd obtain:
The ſole variety we then cou'd prove,
Were in one kind, in bliſsful virtuous love:
Only from imperfection e'er cou'd grow
The bad and painful, thoſe of vice and woe:
Firſt thoſe of vice, then thoſe of woe muſt riſe,
The laſt as fit the former to chaſtiſe.
But perfect or imperfect, paſſions all
Are good and laudable, if rational:*
(Their uſes ceaſe, the univerſe wou'd fall)
And all are bad and infamous, which bend
From God's imperial will, creation's end.
'Tis reaſon's part to act the watchful guide,
Make holy love, the love of God, preſide:

Make

* Lactantius Epit. Cap. 61.

Make all the reſt with holy love agree,
And ſerve, as fit, ſelf and ſociety:
To ſelf and to ſociety they prove
Pernicious, in revolt from holy love.
Nor leſs the medial pow'rs, (ſubjoin'd to aid
Reaſon and paſſion, or in good or bad)
Imagination memory, thoſe too
Demand exertion, and with honeſt view;
If not exerted well, they loſe their uſe;
Or worſe, become deſtructive by abuſe.
Experience teaches (as experience muſt
Forever teach whate'er is true and juſt)
Fit uſe of pow'rs, in ſerving ſelf, the reſt,
And God o'er all, alone can render bleſt.
  Again,—Behold fit objects of delight
For all t'enjoy; but only as is right:
Eternal wiſdom, potent to produce
Much good at once, tries virtue in their uſe.
They all are good; and none ſhou'd man refuſe;
His duty's to receive and not abuſe:
They all are fit in rational degrees;
But all beyond, diſorder and diſeaſe.
Their higheſt ſweets are bitter'd with alloy
To thoſe, who want the virtue to enjoy.—
For know, that reaſon never can approve
What deviates from truth, as vicious love;
Only in virtue, loving truth the beſt,
A reaſonable nature can be bleſt.
This noble minds confeſs; and hence refrain
From ſweeteſt pleaſure, brave acuteſt pain:
And meaner minds confeſs it too: Vain toil
To ſtifle conſcience! Nature will recoil.
Truth's reaſon's end, as nature's;—ſpight of pride
And art and wit, this cannot be deny'd.—
Next you muſt grant, that juſtice cannot long,
Nor even gentle mercy, licence wrong.
How muſt this thought a ſinner's joys controul!
The dread of vengeance preſſing down his ſoul!—

Laſtly, 'tis plain, if none are charm'd with *fit*,
(No virtuous love) none *will* to truth ſubmit;
But eager all their fancy'd good purſue;
With fraud or force invade each other's due;
Unbleſs'd, unbleſſing, make the world a field
Of ſavage war, or open or conceal'd.
Happineſs cannot without union be,
The bond of all perfection, *Charity*.—
Therefore, tho' happineſs requires a ſtore
Of bland externals, virtue it needs more:
Without externals deity cou'd bleſs
All his free-agent ſons with happineſs:
But without virtue, to ſecure his good,
His juſt benevolence, he never cou'd.
Then faculties and objects can produce
Happineſs only by convenient uſe;
In univerſal Charity, which gives
With holy joy, with holy joy receives;
And calmly with divine dominion reigns
In ev'ry thought, and ev'ry wiſh contains.
Obedience for God's glory known the end,
All to convenient uſe ſhou'd well attend;
And each, to gain what *happineſs* we call,
Repleniſh virtue in himſelf and all:
The leaſt demur expoſes to the rod,
Infringes nature, and diſhonours God.
Pleaſures, indeed, are in abuſes found;
But thoſe, envenom'd, while they tickle, wound;
With ſin diſtemper nature, 'till it raves,
As in a calenture, when rocks and waves
Seem cooling grottos, and delightful ſcenes
Of bloſſom'd groves, and flower-inwoven greens:
Poor dying ſouls for nectar poiſon ſup,
With thirſt increaſing as they drain the cup;
Laugh, in conceit the only wiſe and gay,
Until they ſink (ah, whither ſink) away!
O proudly wiſe! ſhall falſe conceits beguile?
How meanly weak! How miſerably vile!

How wretched they, who on thoſe joys depend,
Which ought, which will be ſorrows in the end!
If the frail body, to preſerve, reſtore,
Demands much care, the ſoul deſerveth more.
Good morals only can that health ſecure,
Whence bliſs ſublime, eternal to endure.

4. Diſtinguiſh here (nor think the rule too nice)
Firſt *moral good* and *ill* from *virtue vice*;
Next, theſe from *wiſdom folly*; terms apply'd
Mix'dly in ſpeech, tho' ſtrictneſs muſt divide.
Let *moral Good and Evil* ſtand defin'd
Acts or *ſuſpenſions* of the *pow'rs* of mind.
Be Vice and Virtue *tempers* underſtood,
Prompting thoſe *pow'rs* to moral ill or good.
Virtue is *moral Health*, and *Vice*, *Diſeaſe*:*
Wiſdom and *Folly* correlate to theſe:
Wiſdom, *due ſenſe* and *due regard of Fit*;
Folly, *falſe ſenſe*, *prepoſterous conceit*.
Since endleſs jars from dubious words enſue,
Theſe definitions learn, and keep in view. (5)

All *moral Good* is rightly to employ
The pow'rs, the means, and objects, we enjoy.
It is *Attention* to be truly wiſe,
And thence *fit uſe*, where all our merit lies.
Due Senſe of Things, or what we *Wiſdom* call,
Is the condition, which conſummates all:
God or his works it trembles to impair:
Its modes are *Honor*, *Continence*, and *Care*.
Of theſe all merit partly is poſſeſt:
What moſt partakes of honor, that is beſt.

* *Plato* very juſtly defines *Virtue* to be the health, and *Vice* the diſeaſe, of the Mind. De republica, 4. in fin.

Cicero's definition is, *Eſt autem Virtus nihil aliud, quam in ſe perfecta et ad ſummum perducta natura. Eſt igitur homini cum Deo ſimilitudo.* De Legibus, L. I. §. 25.

Ariſtotle defines it, *A power of producing and preſerving all Good.* Rhet. L. I. C. 9.

The Soul, that living, thinking, acting part,
Which plies the head and plays th'hydraulic heart,
Ordain'd the animal machine to rein,
And thence derive its knowledge, pleaſure, pain,
Among the nerves upon their centre ſet,
Like a quick ſpider in her ſilken net,
Converſes there with objects, all that ſpring,
As each impinges any trembling ſtring:
And there the taſk is duly to attend,
To know and treat aright each foe and friend.
Another ſimile does patly fall:
The mind reſembles an electric ball;
As that diverſifies etherial fire,
So this diverſifies its own deſire:
Objects its ſeeks or ſhuns, as they create
The two great modes of paſſion, Love, and Hate;
Thoſe they create preciſely more or leſs,
As ſtrong or weak th' ideas, they impreſs;
Thoſe they impreſs preciſely as they find
Attention deign'd, and temper in the mind:
Much does the temper on attention lie;
And that on Will; and hence morality.
The mind can only by attention due
Rightly exert to ſhun or to purſue:
Only by due attention it acquires
Correct ideas and chaſtis'd deſires.
And, to impreſs ideas, all can tell,
Imagination bears a pow'rful ſpell.
To guard from error, it imports to know,
That, ſince the archetypes are moſtly ſo,
Ideas too are eaſily combin'd,
Which riſe together, or appear of kind;
Yet, that the archetypes not always meet;
Therefore attention muſt beware deceit.
The ſhameful weakneſs of combining wrong
Made all miſconduct, whence all evil ſprung.
Still to *diſtinguiſh*, Reaſon, well *attend:*
The laſt thy *merit*, and the firſt thine *end.*

Beware

Beware ill-habit!—By attending long
Habit gets root: None to attend to wrong,
But all to right, were made, to freely learn
Facility in things of chief concern.
By gaining habit, whether good or ill,
Paſſion abridges the command of Will:
Habitual virtues Will can hardly ſpoil;
Habitual vices, hardly cure with toil.
O uſe attention! Carefully acquire
Fit ſenſe of things, fit habits of deſire! (6)
God wiſely forms us to attend with eaſe,
Without diſtraction, any end we pleaſe.
Immediate neceſſaries obvious ſtand;
While thoſe remote attention muſt command.
Thus fitly order'd, objects interfere,
And force attention, but when fit, when near.
But if we mark not nature's ſeveral ends,
We thwart the order, whereby all depends:
Remote, immediate, equally require
Due application, merit due deſire:
If theſe or thoſe alone our care employ,
We loſe our preſent, or our future joy.
By ſolemn preſcript of his nature's law,
Both ſeen and unſeen objects man ſhould know:
Pertaining both, a noble ſenſe is given;
Thence duty riſes by decree of heaven.
Clearly reſults from this divine decree,
That of man's ſenſe the grand reſpects are *three*;
The three are *Self*, *Society*, and *God*;
To theſe his life ſhou'd ſquare in ev'ry mode:
Reſpecting theſe, his reaſon ought to view
Objects as fit to ſhun or to purſue;
His paſſions ought to glow with temper ſuch,
That none aſpire too little, none too much;
His ſoul ſhould ſoar the triple good to raiſe,
His own, the public, and the ſovereign praiſe.
From ſight to *faith* let reaſon paſſion riſe;
There man's chief merit, man's chief glory lies.

Of God unconſcious even brutes obey;
Chiefly in faith man nobler ſhines than they:
Man, ſo ſublimely gifted, only can,
When conſcious of God, obey like man.
The *three reſpects* at once attention call;
And bid us reverence ſacred *fit* in all.
Thence glows the motive, which alone ſhou'd move
Each human ſoul; the motive, virtuous love;
That compound glow, which only can expreſs
Obedience pure, perfection, happineſs.
Let Will complete this motive: but to guide
Is Reaſon's part; let Reaſon be apply'd;
Let Will uſe Reaſon faithfully to know
What's fit and unfit, in delight or woe;
And by the ſacred rule of *fit* excite
The ſelfiſh, ſocial, holy paſſions right.
O *Fit*! O Truth! O harmony divine!
Obeying thee, both God and man muſt ſhine.
Wiſdom's eternal fatal law of right!
Creation's baſis! Reaſon's pure delight!
Natural or moral nam'd, or underſtood,
Thou in thyſelf, and for thy ends, art good.
O man! Obey the ſacred laws of *Fit*;
To them ev'n God diſdains not to ſubmit:
Be thy delight habitual ſupreme
To reverence *Fit*, and ſo reſemble Him.
Of points repugnant the important ſtill
Shou'd be prefer'd, and choſen with good-will.
The grand reſpects may ſeem to diſagree;
But know, at laſt they coincide all three:
Private and public good together blend;
And both concenter'd in God's glory end.
Seem not created for thyſelf alone;
For public welfare ſacrifice thy own;
For God's high glory ſelf and all reſign;
Tis nature's law, 'tis rational, divine.
"Self! Self! you cry, we do, and ſhou'd, prefer!"
Alas! Alas! egregiouſly you err!

We do not, ſhou'd not! What is more unfit?
Let each to all, and all to God ſubmit. *
Say, is it Int'reſt renders duty right?
No! Fitneſs, order: point as clear as light!
Abſtract ſelf-int'reſt, thwart it if you will,
What's fit in nature, will be duty ſtill.
'Tis from the fitneſs, God in things deſign'd,
And not from int'reſt, duty is defin'd:
'Tis fitneſs is the ſcope of all that's great:
Virtue's grand principle is love of *Fit*.
'Tis true, the ſyſtem, form'd with art divine,
Makes int'reſt conſtantly with duty join;
Leſt pains ſans profit ſhou'd appear too hard,
Virtue's ordain'd to work its own reward;
In Virtue's ſelf is great reward poſſeſs'd,
Conſcience of worth, of all delights the beſt.
Exalted ſpirits generouſly delight
In ſelf-deſtruction, for ſuperior right:
The very worſt conſocial ardors own;
And, more than ſelf, love what they fix upon.
But Grant—what Folly ſcarcely deems deny'd—
Grant int'reſt and duty cou'd divide;
Grant, that, if duty ſteadily we chooſe,
We nothing e'er ſhould gain, but ſomething loſe;
Yet, ſpite of ſophiſtry, in int'reſt's ſpight,
Reaſon wou'd hold the choice of duty right.
" Self preſervation's the firſt aim."—Confeſt:
Becauſe each muſt ſerve ſelf to ſerve the reſt:
'Tis firſt in time; is prior ev'n to birth,
As needed firſt; but far from firſt in worth:
A nobler aim is to preſerve the whole;
Superior therefore ſhould engage the ſoul:
The nobleſt aim of all is to obey
For God's high glory; therefore ought to ſway.
This nobleſt ſanctifies each lower aim;
Whatever deviates terminates in ſhame:

Another

* *Cic. de finibus L. I. C. 2. Grotius de J. B. L. I. C. 2.*

Another aim may beſt to paſſion ſeem;
But this to reaſon always ſhines ſupreme:
Self-damn'd is he, who ceaſes to attend
The ſovereign glory as his ſovereign end.
Happineſs muſt from right obedience flow;
But grant (for argument) it did not ſo; (7)
Suppoſe the world, and all that it belong,
Cou'd only proſper and ſubſiſt by wrong;
Which ought a good and wiſe man to fulfil,
Or nature's int'reſt, or its author's will?
Its author's will! The univerſe ſhou'd fall,
If fit in honor to the Lord of all.
So far God's glory is all ends above!
So far all paſſions yield to holy love!
In man this paſſion ought to glow moſt ſtrong:
If means be right, no meaſure can be wrong:
This holy paſſion never knows exceſs;
The reſt in ſeaſon ought we to repreſs:
Often the reſt may over-glow; but here,
Defect of ardor be thy only fear.

5. All *moral evil* is neglect, abuſe
Of pow'rs and means and objects, giv'n for uſe:
It is *omiſſion* to be truly wiſe,
And thence *abuſe*, where all demerit lies.
Folly, prepoſterous vicious ſenſe of things,
Is the condition whence it ever ſprings:
It ceaſes God and duty to reſpect:
Its modes are *Pride*, *Concupiſcence*, *Neglect*:
The ſmalleſt crime partakes of all the three;
The proudeſt crime is of the worſt degree.
Without omiſſion in the firſt, who fell,
Apoſtacy had been impoſſible:
By due attention, the deſire of right
Had ſtill to perfect minds been chief delight.
What truth more plain? —Whatever ſenſe admits,
Attention ſtrengthens, and neglect remits:
Ideas changing, old give place to new;
And recent paſſions former ones ſubdue:

Solely

Solely attention objects well enquires,
Corrects the temper, fixes right deſires:
Then, ſince attention genders love or hate,
'Tis plain, attention, ev'n in perfect ſtate,
Was neceſſary to prevent decay;
As now, to ſhun temptation, watch and pray.
Neglect, at firſt, indulges falſe deſire;
Then quickly flames concupiſcence, as fire,
Which, us'd with care, ſecurely warms our dome;
But, if neglected, burns us out of home.
Pride mounts the blaze, like any dæmon free
At large to range, its own mad deity;
Pleas'd in its phrenzy wildly to enjoy
A ſelf-deſtruction, and the world deſtroy.
This flame, enrag'd by ev'ry tempting breeze,
We cannot quench its fury, when we pleaſe:
Habit prevails; then, tho' we truth approve,
The charms of error we adore and love.
Habitual evil triumphs in its pow'r,
Now fierce to ſpurn, now eager to devour;
Of joy, exhauſting with hydropic thirſt
The cup, tho' poiſon, which it catches firſt;
Of grief, rejecting the minuteſt drop,
Tho' too rejecting everlaſting hope.
Reaſon, deprav'd, ſerves only to miſguide;
Marrs the beſt paſſions, making honor pride,
Zeal impious rage, depraving worſe and worſe:
For vice and error are a twin-born curſe.
Divine aſſiſtance, working with our will,
Solely can cure ſuch deeply-rooted ill.
Indolence cannot truth ſublime deſcry;
Man it makes brutal in his Author's eye.
Without attention, God and morals ſeem
A dim reverie, or confuſed dream;
Tho' both are fair, and clearly underſtood *
By pooreſt reaſ'ners, with attention good.

* Wiſd. Sol. vi. 12. Prov. viii. 17.

Proper attention, plainly, muſt excite
The ſelfiſh, ſocial, holy paſſions, right.
Without attention grow, the mean too ſtrong,
The noble weak, inverted all and wrong:
The holy nigh expire; for faith will fail,
And thoſe of ſight deluſively prevail.
Nay, without due enquiry, faith may be
As deadly ſin as infidelity:
Idolatry of yore befool'd the race,
God's high offence, and man's extreme diſgrace.
Now ſuperſtition clouds revealed light;
Ev'n renders goſpel day like pagan night.
Behold, infuriate with religious zeal,
Wretch tearing wretch on inquiſition's wheel.
See thoſe defeat, who fondly zeal miſplace,
The noble ends of nature and of grace;
Pervert, deſtroy, as far as in them lies,
The weal of earth, the glory of the ſkies:
Damn'd to celibacy and cloyſter'd ſhades,
Nor propagate the race, nor lend it aids:
For them the race may periſh; never more
One ſoul be ſav'd, one ranſom'd ſoul adore.
Will God love crimes, tho' acted for his ſake?
He gave us pow'rs a wiſer uſe to make.
Credulity, as unbelieving, flows
(Equal in guilt) from one ſame guilty cauſe,
From ſlacking or abuſing pow'rs, beſtow'd
To render creatures images of God.
His image, whence we claim as heirs of light,
Conſiſts in thinking and deſiring right:
To bear that ſacred image, uſing well
Our moral pow'rs is indiſpenſable.
'Tis true, we only can apply; ſucceſs
Depends on him, or to permit or bleſs:
But he will proſper all, who well apply:
Endeavour well, and on his grace rely.
Religious morals muſt, in nature, be
A ſenſe of truth and God's authority,

Exciting love and reverence: all beſide
Is vice diſguis'd, concupiſcence or pride:
To wake this ſenſe, in our depraved ſtate,
Needs thought and knowledge of peculiar weight;
He knows not rightly, whoſe invalid thought
Does not his ſoul impaſſion as it ought.
An eye, indeed, that ſees a beauty beſt,
Perhaps admires not moſt: the charm impreſt
Requires a temper to receive its glow,
A ſoul diſpos'd to love, as well as know,
Engag'd in ſtudy, clearly I may ſee
Grand truths, yet mind not their concern to me;
As who the ſun thro' teleſcope ſurveys,
Sees beſt its face, but leaſt enjoys its rays.
Nay, knowledge, often, but enkindles pride;
And makes fools worſe, improperly apply'd:
Yet only knowledge can the temper mend,
The mind enamor of its noble end.
In ſhort, juſt as employ'd (the fact is plain)
Reaſon, aye! Reaſon, is our balm or bane,
Howe'er deprav'd, attention is the cure,
The only remedy in human pow'r:
Attention ſtill, attention pondering right,
With heavenly aid, wou'd render truth delight.

6 On moral good and moral evil lies
Th' internal temper, *Virtue* call'd or *Vice*;
Wiſdom is Virtue's ſiſter, Virtue's nurſe:
Folly's the ſame to Vice, a twin-born curſe.
Now virtue (moral health) and vice (diſeaſe)
Blend in all minds; but not in like degrees;
In each they vary; this or that prevails,
As wiſdom or as folly turns the ſcales.
As healthy bodies act in proper tone,
Complacent eaſe and juſt ſenſations own:
So virtuous minds employ their pow'rs aright;*
Their paſſions true, their conſciouſneſs delight;

* See the Note in the next Page.

Scorning temptations, as behemoth ſcorns
A ſpider's cobweb, or a beetle's horns.
But mark—where heroes eaſily prevail,
Others their utmoſt ſhall exert or fail.
For vicious minds, like ſickly bodies, faint
To right exertion, labour with conſtraint;
Forever reſtleſs, as from feveriſh fires;
Longing and loathing with deprav'd deſires:
Their own ill temper hurries them to ſin;
The tempter out, and the betrayer in,
They grow delirious; not for health they ſigh;
But burn for crimes; and, loſt in ſtupor, die.
Vice, yok'd with folly, ſtill to ſhame propends;
Virtue with wiſdom, ſtill in glory ends.
Ingenuous virtue glows to God above,
To all below, with lively beams of love;
Purely devout, gratuitouſly free,
Sublimely emulating deity:
Illiberal vice, proportion'd to its fall,
Is cold to God, invidious to all.
From charity, the flame of virtue's breaſt,
How meritorious! How divinely bleſt!
Deſires well rul'd (expanded or confin'd)
And well ſupply'd by aids of all combin'd.
'Tis thence we ſhun concupiſcence and ſloth;
(For guilt and ruin are involv'd in both)
'Tis thence we health and competence purſue,
As well for ſocial as for ſelfiſh view:
'Tis thence we rightly uſe the bounties given;
Are faithful friends, are favorites of heaven;
Since thence in all we ſacred *Fit* attend,
Eying God's glory as the ſovereign end.—

From

* ΚΑΛΟΝ μὲν ἔν ἐϛιν, ὃ ἂν δι' αὐτὸ αἱρετὸν ὄν, ἐπαινετὸν ᾖ. ἢ ὃ ἂν ἀγαθὸν ὂν ἡδὺ ᾖ, ὅτι ἀγαθον. Εἰ δὲ τοῦτό ἐϛι τὸ καλὸν, ἀνάγκη τὴν ἀρετὴν καλὸν εἶναι; ἀγαθὸν γὰρ ὄν, ἐπαινετὸν ἐϛιν. Ἀρετὴ δὴ, ἐϛὶ μὲν δύναμις, ὡς δοκεῖ, πορισϛικὴ ἀγαθῶν καὶ φυλακτικὴ, καὶ δύναμις εὐεργετικὴ πολλῶν καὶ μεγαλῶν, καὶ παντων περὶ παντα.

Ariſtoteles Rhetor. Lib. I. Cap. 9.

From mean philautia, vice's odious flame,
What baleful guilt! what miſery and ſhame!
'Tis thence we ſtrive on other's coſt to pleaſe
Satanic pride, or ſty in brutiſh eaſe;
Are fraudful, cruel, deſp'rately unjuſt;
To God and men malignant in our luſt.
What can attend us but extremeſt woe,
Fiends each to other, God incens'd our foe?
See ſacred charity the genial zeſt,
The ſpark divine, whence being muſt be bleſt;
The charm whence all the paſſions right conſpire,
As notes harmonious on a well-tun'd lyre;
The tribute, God exacts in all we do;
Supreme deſert in his diſcerning view;
So what vain mortals for obedience boaſt,
If void of charity, is labour loſt:
With it alone his ſovereign favor's given
With it alone we taſte that fount of heaven:
Who hope for heav'n without it, hope amiſs;
Eſſential baſis of celeſtial bliſs!
The moral temper it alone prepares,
Improves the faculties, refines the cares,
Makes duty pleaſure, ev'ry want ſupplies,
Each joy exalts—in ſhort—beatifies.

7. "But virtue cannot without vice exiſt."
So mortals void of reaſon may inſiſt!
Is darkneſs neceſſary, ſay, to light?
Or indiſpenſable is wrong to right?
Muſt ſickneſs be for health? O Folly, ſee!
Confeſs, that virtue without vice might be!
Perverſely blind! Is there beneath the ſky
One wretch, who can ſo plain a truth deny,
Perceiv'd as ſtrongly as the ſun is ſeen
At noon, high blazing from his throne ſerene?

8. As light are they, as foam on billows toſt,
Who argue virtue without vice were loſt.
"Vice heightens virtue's trial."—Very true!
In points, which virtue oft regrets to do.

Tho'

Tho' individuals, riſing from the fall,
May riſe more glorious than from none at all;
Yet bliſs in ſum immenſely more had been,
If ne'er alloy'd with execrable ſin.
Tho' vice on virtue brighter glory draws,
It on itſelf accumulateth woes;
And therefore God, whoſe love regards the whole,
And ſaints like him, who value ev'ry ſoul,
May wiſh, tho' ſome abatement of their own,
That bliſs and glory might all beings crown.
Vice heightens virtue's trial, we confeſs;
Now taints its ſtrength, now loads it with diſtreſs:
What then?—In apathy muſt virtue ſit,
If vice were not?—For action which is fit,
Or health or ſickneſs?—"Health!"—Then drop debate!
The ſtate for action is the virtuous ſtate. *
Sickneſs may toil; but ſurely health may beſt
The fruits of good both cultivate and taſte.
Who thinks perfection happineſs to be
A ſtate from action and from paſſion free,
Muſt reaſon ill: perfection muſt require
Fit pow'rs to act; and happineſs, deſire.
For what's perfection? Only to be plac'd,
Form'd and endu'd, to bleſs and to be bleſs'd.
Or what is happineſs? No jot beſide
Deſire well-regulated, well-ſupply'd.
Deſire muſt be; fit pow'rs muſt rule, ſupply;
Where elſe perfection? or where elſe is joy?
The end of ſoul is action: all the uſe
Of living pow'rs is action to produce;
Of living paſſions action is the aim;
Of objects, ſuiting both, the end's the ſame.

For

* The author is aware, that natural diſeaſe and moral are not exactly parallel; for moral diſeaſe does not impair the activity of the mind, as natural diſeaſe does that of the body; But ſtill their reſemblance is ſufficient for the Author's purpoſe: for though a mind free from moral diſeaſe, is not more active than one morally diſeaſed, yet, it is equally active, and is fitter for excellent actions; and conſequently is as much, or more, capable of trial,

For this was pleaſure deſtin'd to attend
The proſecution of each uſeful end:
To action pleaſure wiſely ſtill invites;
Until the end's attain'd the act delights:
The end attain'd, the pleaſure bids adieu;
Remits the mind to follow objects new.
Thus form'd to act, we hope, we thirſt to know;
Cool in poſſeſſing, in purſuing glow:
(Still bleſt in both, if keeping due degrees;
If not, this excellence is our diſeaſe)
From ſtage to ſtage, from ſtate to ſtate we roam;
And find in God and Virtue all our home.
  Farther obſerve (and more thy God admire)
Always to pow'r proportion'd is deſire;
Thence ev'ry pow'r receives its due employ,
While each deſire augments the fount of joy.
Things, as more ſocial, have deſire ſtill more;
And that too, more ſurpaſſing each one's pow'r:
Deſire in each accords to pow'r in all,
Who owe ſupply. Deſires reciprocal
Thus furniſh duties to employ their parts,
Thus furniſh pleaſures to rejoice their hearts.
Still more dependent are the more refin'd:
So man, the nobleſt, is the needieſt kind.
'Tis greater needs give greater pow'rs their uſe;
And nobler needs do nobler bliſs produce:
Some bind, endear; and, if but virtue riſe,
Refine, 'till men reſemble deities.
  Action muſt ſtill with pow'r and paſſion grow;
In like proportion, happineſs muſt flow:
Unleſs abuſe defeat great Wiſdom's view;
Then, in proportion, mis'ry muſt accrue.
For proof of this, the various ranks ſurvey:
If reaſon cannot teach, experience may.
See, as all beings nobler pow'rs poſſeſs,
They grow more bleſs'd, and more by action bleſs:
Each brutal ſenſe, like human, for its ends
Knows and deſires, but farther ſcarce extends;

Knows without much attention its ſmall part,
As oft mechanics work without much art;
Soon ſees relations for its uſe deſign'd;
And cares no more, nay, little more cou'd find.
Where pow'r is little, there deſire is low;
Happineſs too is conſequently ſo.
But human ſenſe, exalted much above
For nobler action and for nobler love,
Aſpires to ſcience; curiouſly views
Many relations; and its ends purſues
By various methods; ſince endu'd to ſee
How various methods to one end agree;
More large, more noble happineſs acquires
Thro' finer taſte of more ſublime deſires:
And as deſires refine and higher ſoar,
The tendence to be happy riſes more.
Therefore admit, that in perfection pure,
Happineſs riſes in the rate of pow'r,
Increaſing ſtill, as thoughts deſires refine,
'Till conſtant, ardent, exquiſite, divine;
Then full probation virtue had ſuſtain'd,
If introduction vice had never gain'd:
Its full probation in ſuch acts wou'd lie,
As ſtill would render happineſs more high;
In ſearching truth, in making more refin'd
The ſentiments and paſſions of the mind,
'Till human nature by degrees ſhou'd riſe
To be angelically bleſt and wiſe.

9. Whoever yet, who was not loſt to ſhame,
Aſſerted health and ſickneſs are the ſame?
Or held that good reſulted from abuſe,
Which wou'd not beſt reſult from proper uſe?
That vice as virtue muſt be underſtood
As indiſpenſable for public good? (8)
Juſt as abſurd, as if he plainly ſay,
That wrong is right, to ſin is to obey:
That, without guilt, the might of God muſt fail,
And good expire, if good too much prevail.

Un-

Unblam'd for ever then be blameleſs thoſe,
Who overwhelm the world with blood and woes;
Unblam'd be thoſe, who rob and cheat for gain,
By force, by fraud, by pleaſure or by pain:
Unblam'd be thoſe, whoſe unrelenting luſt
Brings virgin honor ſorrowing to the duſt;
Whoſe wretched offspring curſe him, whence they came;
Begot and born to want, diſeaſe and ſhame:
Unblam'd be thoſe in pleaſure's roſy bow'r,
Inflam'd with wine, who mock almighty pow'r,
Hurling defiance to the bleſt abode,
And daring vengeance to deſcend abroad:
Unblam'd, I ſay, be thoſe, if bliſs be built,
By pow'rful deſtiny, on vice and guilt:
Their deeds are needful! Aye! without them all
(Horror to think!) The univerſe wou'd fall!
O Thought, too big with blaſphemy to name!
The heart, which firſt conceiv'd it, knew no ſhame.
Vice yields no good, tho' over-rul'd by God,
But as the ſcorpion ſerves him as a rod;
Or mimics virtue on ſome ſervile view,
Since falſehood proſpers by appearing true;
Or gives occaſion mercy to diſplay;
Or tries ſeverely virtue to obey.
But might not all theſe uſes well be ſpar'd,
God's glory ſhine, and virtue find reward?
If ſinners tear up ſinners by the root,
Muſt ſovereign juſtice weakly fail, without?
If pride or ſhame, tho' vices rank and ſtrong,
Produce right actions, or deter from wrong;
If hate or fear ſome honeſt truths reveal;
If anger mimic fortitude and zeal;
If avarice frugality ſupply,
Luſt gentle love, and ſloth philoſophy;
If envy, ſeizing emulation's room,
Makes talents ſhoot, and ſcience richly bloom;
What then? Mere mock! wrong counterfeiting right!
Fiends metamorphos'd into ſons of light!

Virtue wou'd genuine yield the genial fruits:
Vice bears but wildings, canker'd as its roots.
Can vice be needful? virtue yields alone
All real good: wou'd beſt, were vice unknown.
" But if no vice, you cry, cou'd mercy ſhine?
I ask, wou'd goodneſs then be leſs divine?
Were vice extinct, God's goodneſs might appear
With glorious ſplendor as divinely clear.
Vice, as things are, calls forth his grace, 'tis true,
Juſt as it brightens human virtue too;
But as, without it, Virtue might be try'd,
So might, without it, goodneſs be apply'd.
Perſiſting ſtill, methinks, I hear you cry—
" Vice is a rich exubr'ant ſource of joy!"
I anſwer, virtue is more rich, more full.
All vice's uſes virtue renders null!
" Vice flows with joys!"—With joys does madneſs flow!
The joys of vice are harbingers of woe;
Mere phantoms only of the things they ſeem:
They forfeit all God's love, and man's eſteem.
And can ſuch joys, by their extreme increaſe,
Supply the loſs of friendſhip, hope and peace?
" Go! Go! You cry; know life! Inſpect mankind!
" Vice there does peace, and hope, and friendſhip find."
Perhaps it may; but thoſe are inſincere;
Like ſhadows vaniſh, if the light appear.
What's peace on blindneſs, hope on error built?
What's friendſhip founded on diſguiſe or guilt?
If fear and int'reſt render fools and knaves
To moral duties mercenary ſlaves,
Still vice (whoſe nature's evil to intend)
Can do no good, but for an evil end;
From evil can but ſneakingly refrain,
For ſordid pleaſure, or thro' dread of pain;
'Tis therefore curs'd, whatever good it do;
Reluctant toils, yet ſcant rewards enſue.
Will God reward, can hypocrites ſuppoſe,
Reluctant mean ſubmiſſion to his laws?

They

They know they are (tho' rigid in reſtraints
And rites and alms) abominable ſaints.
Will men reſpect, when by felt proof they know
The ſpecious conduct is but guileful ſhow?
Diſſembling only on a ſervile view,
Knaves cannot long diſſemble ſeeming true:
Among themſelves the ſtrongeſt union fails;
Not mutual int'reſt, love, or fear avails:
The wicked, always wanting ſomething wrong,
Can hardly hold in any friendſhip long:
Their heart's conſent, at beſt, is but in ill;
In foul reproach and malice ends it ſtill.
Are you reſolv'd with harlot vice to dwell,
To peace and hope and friendſhip, bid farewel.
In this ill world, ſince rarely meet the beſt,
Mankind by vice are totally diſtreſt:
The very ſaints, who genuine peace explore,
Oft ſuffer much, for kindneſs ſuffer more:
No wonder then, the wicked ſadly fall;
Should mutual ruin overwhelm them all.
Of vice's joys, O Folly! bluſh to tell!
Lo! vice's woes almoſt turn earth to hell.
Believe me, Wits! I build no airy plan:
Convince yourſelves by looking into man:
See there from vice (depravity of mind)
The diſcord ſhame and ruin of mankind!
Ingenious wretches! Happineſs requires
Our mutual aids from mutual deſires,
Deſires directed to their true deſign
By wills obedient to the will divine.
Was ever truth more plain to common ſenſe?
Or ſentence juſter than the conſequence?
Vice thwarts this law; thence do, and muſt, ariſe
The ills, we mourn with heart-afflicting ſighs.
Fools! How can thoſe be happy, who a thought
Indulge to pleaſure other than they ought?
Can thoſe be happy, who, averſe from right,
Never [redacted] their duty their delight?

Can thoſe be happy, who connected grow,
Yet never wiſh to make each other ſo?
No!—Nature ſickens, God is wroth to ſee
Such miſcreants, peſts of all ſociety:
They muſt be, from infringing ſocial rules,
By conſtitution miſerable fools.*
Ye crafty idiots! ſpight of folly, ſtill
Ye muſt obey, with or without your will:
The frame of nature is ſo wiſely caſt,
All ſerve the world, all muſt ſerve God at laſt:
The worſt, with keen malevolence unbleſt,
To ſerve themſelves, are forc'd to ſerve the reſt:
They muſt (tho' God offending ev'ry hour,
And hating) humble to his awful pow'r:
Their ill he turns to good, with art profound;
And in their ſhame his glory will abound.
Ye groan afflicted, and of God complain;
Ye gnaſh and curſe to find your efforts vain:
But where's the wonder? If ye probe within,
The cauſe is palpable, your tumid ſin.
Since vain is bounty, while abuſe employs,
Avarice hoards, or luxury enjoys,
God ſhuts his hand, or ſends deſtroying elves;
Or, what is worſe, leaves men to plague themſelves.
How juſtly curs'd, who happy might have trod
The paths of virtue in the ſmiles of God?
Ceaſe impious murmur and the ſullen groan!
God amply does his part, did we our own.
Did all ſerve God in virtue, joys below,
Which vice debauches in, would overflow.
On virtuous beings, all ſublunar ſtore
Heav'n wou'd pour down, 'till earth cou'd hold no more.
O happy world! If virtue perfect were,
And univerſal as circumfluous air!
Works of perfection our divine employ,
Our labour pleaſure, our productions joy;

Exempt

* Οἵ τ' ἀυτῳ κακὰ τεύχει ἀνὴρ, ἄλλῳ κακὰ τεύχων.
Ariſtot. Rhet. lib. 3. cap. 9.

Exempt from all, except a friendly ſtrife,
Who moſt ſhou'd profit, moſt embelliſh life;
O ſacred virtue! Bliſs wou'd overflow *
The whole creation, and unknown by woe.

10. See built on virtue (ſanctity of mind)
The peace, the joy, the glory of mankind!
See vice, at beſt, unneceſſary ſtill
For virtue, trial, public private Weal!
Nay, ſee from vice all ſhame and diſcord flow,
The ſtreams, the rivers, and the floods of woe!
Then ſay, wou'd God, almighty, wiſe and good,
Deny his creatures virtue to have ſtood;
And, previous to demerit, vice ordain,
A turn of mind immenſely worſe than vain?
No!—"*Sin brought evil!*"—Revelation cries;
Reaſon aſſents, and Nature "*prov'd*," replies.

11. Hear reaſon farther.—Firſt, God muſt inſpire
Spirits upright to reaſon and deſire,
As beſt became their faculties and ſtate,
As beſt became his goodneſs to create;
That all exiſting might be happy ſtill
By due attention to his ſovereign will;
Becauſe a new-born world, in virtue bleſt,
Wou'd ſhew the ſplendor of his glory beſt.
This point agreed, with certain ken we find
What, at creation, God ordain'd mankind.
Such intellectuals why did he purvey,
But to know him; and, knowing him obey?
And to that end, what fit deſire cou'd move
Frankly and happily, but *holy love?*
Then, doubtleſs, man in *Eden* underſtood
And lov'd his Author as his ſov'reign good.
Next, as one ruler ſways the world's domain,
So one conſent from one deſire ſhou'd reign,

That

* Wiſ. Sol. 6. xxiv.

That in the *Fit* all living may agree;
And all be bleſt in one Society.*
Neither upright can ſpirits be, nor bleſt,
Unleſs one paſſion govern all the reſt;
Ev'n *virtuous love*: In thoſe, who God can know,
Holy and *ſocial*; and in ranks below
Social alone: Such only keeps their ſtate
Exempt from vice, from vicious love and hate.
Whene'er that paſſion verges to decay,
The paſſion next in pow'r uſurps the ſway.
The paſſions all a lawleſs force obtain;
And are to nature hoſtile more than pain!
For pain avenges nature's ſacred law,
Which thoſe unhallow'd paſſions overthrow:
Riſe thoſe unnatural paſſions, pain will riſe,
'Till, pierc'd with curſe, all nature agonize.
Then, at Creation, doubtleſs, God inſpir'd
True ſocial love; his creatures right deſir'd.
From ſin grew enmity: if not, ſay why
That odious bent to torture and deſtroy?
If bliſs to each be torment to the reſt,
By ſeeking bliſs the whole muſt be unbleſs'd.
Unworthy God! Abſurd and horrid plan!
Unleſs from ſin ſuch enmity began:
Then truly juſt! Like other pain 'tis ſent;
Each ſpecies made another's puniſhment.†
But in perfection, one conſent muſt reign,
As reigns one God o'er nature's whole domain.
Then enter'd man complete, among the reſt,
With *ſocial love* to bleſs and to be bleſt.
Thus, at Creation, man, as reaſon ſhews,
Purely religious, purely moral, roſe.

12. See

* Cicero, Lib. III. *de finibus*, §. 64, 65. Alſo, de *Amicitia*, and de *Legibus*, lib. I. is well worth reading. Excellent man! His doctrines on *Virtue*, and duty in the abſtract are wonderfully agreeable to the pureſt Chriſtianity. He excels many Chriſtian writers.

† Geneſis 3.

12. See nature's proofs! The ſame do they impart!
Reluctant infidels muſt own at heart!
Man's fitted for religion: who can doubt?
God he cou'd know, were all things elſe ſhut out:
Thoſe he can know externally alone;
But God as well internally is known.
An awful *Something* darkeſt minds revere;
The Virtuous honor, and the Vicious fear:
In ſpite of anguiſh Virtue will confide;
And Vice triumphant tremble, ſpight of pride.
Such ſenſe of God is needful, it is plain,
For peace and happineſs, to govern men:
That ſenſe impair'd, occaſion ſoon did riſe
For penal ſanctions and coercive ties.
Nor leſs conſpicuous, in nature ſee,
Man's fitted for a mere morality.
E're natures half are known, he fully knows
The duties they demand; ev'n all he owes.
Quick-ſens'd to ſhame and glory! as obtain
The true or falſe, his balm they are, or bane.
Happy his joys or ſorrows to impart!
What elevation! What repoſe of heart!
And, tho' deprav'd, philanthrophy's ſo ſtrong,
He courts ſociety in doing wrong:
For kindneſs once was his devouteſt will;
As now his duty, real int'reſt ſtill.
Among the vileſt profligates we find
A conſcience check, a ſpecious honor bind;
Theſe are the ſocial principle deprav'd,
To pride and mean concupiſcence enſlav'd.
Howe'er prepoſterouſly ſome wretches run;
And God or men pretend to hate or ſhun;
All are as good as, pleaſing vice, they can:
The greateſt fool and villain ſtill is man:
Reaſon can reſt in nothing but the right:
Pure virtuous love alone is pure delight:
Still man's perceptions and affections prove
His end is moral knowledge, moral love.

To ſuit this end, ſo fair in him diſplay'd,
He was, paſt doubt, at firſt all-perfect made;
Had pow'rs exact, for light and love beſtow'd,
To bleſs Creation, and to honor God.
Such light and love his end, in nature plain;
In nature's ruins ample proofs remain.
As light and love prevail, ſo far they bleſs;
Augmenting public private happineſs:
So far they ſanctify; at once they raiſe
Man's higheſt dignity, God's higheſt praiſe.
Nature thus evidences: all, it can,
Nature evinces revelation's plan:
Ev'n in its fall, it proves diſtreſs and hate
Are its imperfect, its unnatural ſtate:
It proves, perfection lies in love and light,
To know and to embrace the perfect right;
Lies in pure Virtue, ſole which can receive
Full rays of bliſs; to ſole which God will give.

13. Thus Scripture, Reaſon, Nature, all inſiſt,
That Virtue pure from vice did once exiſt:
Whilſt yet, by cleareſt intuition, ſee
Virtue ſtain'd now with foul depravity.
Depravity ſuffuſes judgment's eye;
Obſcures thoſe objects, which at diſtance lie:
Things loſe their value, look'd on as remote;
Heav'n ſeems a trifle, ſcarcely worth a thought;
While real trifles, preſent, in their courſe
Impinge too warmly, and attention force.
Hence, poor deluded man purſues delight
'Mong preſent objects, in contempt of right:
Deſerting God, infringing nature's law,
He holds his Maker as his deadly foe.

Moſt weakly wicked, moſt abſurdly baſe,
Traitor to God, tormentor to his race,
His ſins, you'll own, are ample cauſe for all
The dreadful woes, which on his nature fall.

Hear then the SUM:—Since man is ſo endu'd;
His Virtue tends to univerſal good;

His

His Vice to evil; nor cou'd God ordain;
But on demerit, Vice ſo vile and vain;
Since all that's known of human or divine
Argues a fall from nature's pure deſign;
This clear invincible concluſion draw,
ONCE ALL WAS HAPPY; SIN OCCASION'D WOE.

II. "Admitting this!—The curious ſceptic cries—
"How did the fatal innovation riſe?"—
Ah, ſuch a point can Nature clear alone?
It only can corroborate it known.
Conſult Tradition; if Tradition fail,
Let Revelation tell the ſolemn tale.
Man's golden weal the firſt two parents loſt;
Who, moſt enjoying, forfeited the moſt.
To all the race from primogenial guilt (9)
Depravity, diſeaſe, and death reſult,
Succeeding parents did increaſe the bane,
'Till nature grew, as now we find it, vain.
This, tho' amazing, ken'd in narrow view,
Reſults from truth; in wiſdom muſt enſue.
The world's a ſocial ſyſtem, aptly made,
To render God's high attributes diſplay'd;
Chiefly, to make his holineſs out-ſhine,
Glory ſupreme of Majeſty divine.
All his deſigns muſt tend to make us ſee
His ſovereign goodneſs and ſeverity;
Goodneſs immenſe in them, who right obey;
Severity profound in them, who ſtray;
To make us feel, by pleaſure and by pain,
The balm of Virtue, and of Vice the bane.
In ſuch a ſyſtem (ſyſtem beſt) 'tis clear,
He muſt ordain as is ordained here.
The pow'rs of all reciprocal muſt cauſe
Effects on each, exact to wiſdom's laws;
Good muſt proceed from good, and ill from ill,
In kind and meaſure beſt for trying will,

Beſt his tremendous holineſs to ſhew,
The bliſs of Virtue and of Vice the woe.
Thus each for ſtate and temper, curſt or bleſt,
Muſt ſtand dependent greatly on the reſt;
'Till each, tranſplanted to another ſphere,
Receive his recompence of conduct here.
This muſt, in *ſyſtem*, muſt, for *trial*, be;
From *Wiſdom* flows, of *plain neceſſity*.

To guard his glory by a proof moſt ſtrong (10)
Of his great love of right, and hate of wrong,
God pre-ordain'd, thro' ſires to ſons ſhou'd flow
From merit honor, from demerit woe.
Hence, when the protoplaſts of ev'ry kind,
For plaſtic inſtruments ordain'd, declin'd,*
All their deſcendants naturally became,
Heirs of their frailty, forfeiture, and ſhame;
But under hope, with gracious aid to riſe:†
For ſovereign juſtice all condignly tries.
Thus by reſult moſt fit, from Adam's fall
Evil began (pain, ſin original)
It muſt endure to ev'ry age, to ſhew
How ſacred are God's glory and his law;
'Till Chriſt, redeeming Lord, thro' grace reſtore,
Dying a ſacrifice to ſhew it more:
Long muſt it ſtand, with kind ſevere intent,
Of wrath at ſin a dreadful monument.

'Tis fit the ſire be free to hurt the ſon,
As ſcorn his God, or injure any one.
This law comports with mercy as with wrath;
It fills with horror ev'ry guilty path.
Sires it deters from ſin by that diſgrace,
Which ſin entails on all their future race:

Sons

* Job, 14. 4. & 25. 4. pſalm, 51. 5. I. Cor. 15. 22. Rom. 5. Tertullian de Anima.

Σαφῶς γὰρ φαίνεται, ὅτι πάντες μὲν ἄνθρωποι πρὸς τὸ ἁμαρτάνειν πεφύκαμεν, ὅτοι δὲ ὁ μονον πεφυκασιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐθισμένοι εἰσιν ἁμαρτάνειν.

Origines contra *Celſum*, lib. 3.

† Rom. 8, 20.

Sons it deters, who view their father's fault,
And from their bane imbibe their antidote.
Vice, while it taints, admoniſhes to ſhun (11)
Its fatal lure, leſt worſe we be undone:
Frailty ſtill more, with Vice ordain'd to riſe,
Does pow'rfully admoniſh and chaſtiſe.
'Tis true, devolving thus, thro' all deſcent
Thoſe twin-born evils hurt the innocent;
But, making trial undeſerv'dly hard,
Conduce to heighten merit and reward.
Thy Virtue's weak thro' other's fault; therefore
Exert it well, thy merit ſhall be more.
Not greateſt ſtrength deſerveth or obtains
The nobleſt trophy; merit lies in pains.
God gives us Virtue as his laws admit;
All human merit is exerting it.
Exert it well, and think no trial hard:
God is thy friend, thy ſure, thy vaſt reward.
No well-contending combatant can miſs
Full compenſation, everlaſting bliſs.
Had your fore-fathers kept, as you deſire,
The law inviolate, their pow'rs entire,
From them to you untainted bliſs wou'd flow;
And eaſier trial you might undergo;
But leſs wou'd be your meed, if acting well;
And more your guilt, worſe vengeance, if you fell.
Therefore the fall hath ſome advantage given,
Leſs chance of hell, enlarged hope of heaven.
Know, God himſelf muſt rule by hope and fear;
And thoſe, tow'rd objects held by us moſt dear;
With ſacred hate of Vice muſt Vice purſue,
As beſt to make his Creatures hate it too:
Muſt not compel to Virtue; but apply
The wiſeſt means, at once to mend and try;
Muſt aid the good, retard the bad's decay,
Separate at laſt, and in new ſpheres repay.

III. This leſſon, then, be on your heart engrav'd;
Since *Adam* ſinn'd, mankind muſt be deprav'd.
And, ſince deprav'd, the human Senſe is ſuch,
It values things too little, or too much;
Deſiring moſt what moſt its vices pleaſe,
It often hates the cure of its diſeaſe:
The Mem'ry ſtores what wiſdom wou'd forget:
Imagination, more abſurdly yet,
Ranges ideas in ſophiſtic light,
Until perſuaſion grows, that wrong is right:
Ev'n all the ſoul is eager in the will,
And high-inflam'd with pride of doing ill.
But though entirely nature be deprav'd,
Yet God ſtill plans, that ſinners may be ſav'd.
And what device cou'd be more fit, more kind,
(Permitting free the agence of the mind)
To wake reflexion, penitence inſpire,
At once correcting judgment and deſire,
Than ſorrow pain and death, effects that flow
From permutation of the ſyſtem's law?
Then ſorrow pain and death we muſt endure,
Diſpens'd in mercy, to effect our cure.
Be Vice by our own ſins or other's brought;
Duty, the ſame, enjoins to mend the fault:
Int'reſt, the ſame, neceſſitates redreſs:
For without holineſs, no happineſs.
Therefore with Vice, however brought, muſt grow
Frailty, obnoxious to inſtructive woe,
To prove ſin odious, and by fact aſſure
God's deteſtation and avenging pow'r.
Nothing can Vice and Frailty ever part;
One ſaps the frame, when t'other taints the heart.
Had *Adam* ſeiz'd the tree of life and liv'd,
His bold preſumption poorly had atchiev'd:
Wiſdom, no doubt, had plann'd cauſation ſo,
Purloining life had been redoubling woe.

'Tis

'Tis wiſe, 'tis juſt, 'tis gracious and divine,
The poiſon with the antidote to join:
So join'd are Vice and Frailty: can there be
In nature, a more wiſe congruity?
Shew me a man of ſenſe, who never found
Immenſe advantage from affliction's wound,
Who ne'er (convinc'd what gratitude did owe)
With rapture kiſs'd the hand, that gave the blow,
"Pain's the laſt effort of God's loving care;*
"If pain can't bleſs, he quits us in deſpair."
Then natural evil rightly God applies;
A potent antidote to poiſonous Vice:
His love wou'd ſo that direſt bane controul:
The body periſhes to ſave the ſoul.
Then body, inſtrument of meaner joy,
The ſinner's ſtudy, pleaſure and employ,
Muſt, as fore-doom'd by wiſe decree, ſuſtain
Sin's firſt reſult, as inſtrument of pain.

IV. For ſoul and body, like to man and wife,
In ſacred union cloſe engag'd for life,
Muſt ever ſympathize, or foes or friends;
The good of each on t'other's good depends.
How cloſe the union, dearly how they ſhare
In ev'ry point, behold all fact declare.
In ſenſe, thought, motion, nothing can we do,
Without the needful union of the two.
Their mutual influence alone ſupplies
To ſenſe ideas, all its pains and joys:
Nor ſeeing, hearing, feeling, taſte and ſmell, †
Require fit organs more than thinking well:
Motion, which renders ſenſe and thought of uſe,
The ſoul and body join'd alone produce.

1. Demand you why are ſoul and body join'd?
Becauſe it pleas'd the wiſe almighty Mind.

Of

* Young's Night Thoughts.
† Clemens Alex. Strom. L. 4. and Plato.

Of all that is, 'tis plain, the reaſon ſtill
Reſolves to fitneſs and the ſovereign will.
God will'd ſuch union: ſuch was union fit:
Some union muſt exiſt; and why not it?

2. Excuſing ſin, offenders fain infer
From this mere union, ſouls are bound to err;
"Frail carnal organs changeable muſt be;
"And thence muſt follow ſin and miſery."
Prepoſterous wits! muſt I remind you ſtill,
That all depends on God's deſpotic will.
Cou'd frailty be, but by his awful doom?
And cou'd He curſe, where ſin did never come?
In matter we perceive no fatal chain
Connect its modes with pleaſure or with pain;
But juſtice, well we know, muſt bleſs or curſe
As we aſſay to better or to worſe.
Can we ſuppoſe his wiſdom wou'd reſolve,
His curious living fabrics ſhou'd diſſolve;
Or, if diſſolving, ſhou'd endure annoy;
(Since, diſſolution, if he pleas'd, were joy)
Unleſs for ſin, to brand it, then reſtore
The good to bliſs, the bad to torment more?

3. Think not perfection is a fatal range,
Admitting no variety nor change:
For, by what means he chuſes, God can give
Inchanting bliſs, rejoicing all that live;
By forms diverſe or ſimilar; by frame
Flexile as air, or, like his own, the ſame:
From happy ſcene to happy ſcene convey;
Or fix an Eden never to decay.
Variety and change, in due degree,
Muſt riſe for beauty and utility.
Organs and tempers, wiſely vary'd, given,
And wiſely changeable, demonſtrate heav'n.
From thoſe varieties, as fit, commence
Some diſſimilitudes in modes of ſenſe:

More quick ſome ſenſes feel, and ſome more ſlow;
Some ſenſes feel what others never know:
What's red to thoſe perhaps to theſe is blue,
Or yields ideas, others never knew.
Among the different kinds in ſenſe may be
An inconceivable diſparity.
Yet ev'ry ſenſe its proper end ſecures,
Diſcerning objects by their modes and pow'rs.
Organs and tempers let us now compare
To various aſpects of this ambient air.
A pure ſerene does happy judgment ſhew;
While fancy's pictur'd in the painted bow:
Dulneſs reſembles cold and gloomy ſkies;
And ardor tempeſt, light'ning as it flies.
As ſolar beams, thro' various mediums paſt,
Muſt various heat and various colour caſt;
So objects muſt thro' various tempers ſtrike
Ideas, paſſions, equally unlike:
But, if the mediums to their end be right,
All muſt imbibe their proper heat and light;
So, if the tempers be deprav'd in nought,
Ideas paſſions *muſt* be what they ought.
To reach the end, for which each ſoul's endu'd,
Needs not vivacity, but rectitude.
Paſſions muſt all be bleſt, ideas true,
As each concerns (evil cou'd not accrue)
If no perverſion from the ſovereign view.
See ſtill the body influence the mind;
Reaſon and Paſſion ſuit the frame combin'd.
Hence whether ſouls of *men* have equal pow'rs;
While genius lies in organs, temp'ratures;
Or in eſſential pow'rs they differ too,
As much as temp'ratures and organs do:
Nay, whether ſouls thro' *all kinds* are the ſame,
And differ only by the body's frame;*
Or ſouls like bodies graduate the plan
From loweſt reptiles up to lordly man;

Nay,

* As *Plato* and *Pythagoras* thought.

Nay, whether ſouls material are or no;
Let all, who pleaſe, conjecture; none can know.*
Solid and *ſenſitive* may well cohere:
To me, at leaſt, is no repugnance clear:
Matter and Spirit may one ſubſtance be:
I own, I know no incongruity.
Similar properties to both belong:
Of latent points, conjecture may be wrong.
Both paſſive; local both; and both depend
Alike on God for being, mode and end.
Soul or Archæus, (or whate'er you'll name
The vital pow'r; the thing will be the ſame)
A vital pow'r we ſee in man, beaſt, plant;
Such vital pow'r in each, as each does want;†
In each it actuates its own machine;
Conducts it fitly thro' the deſtin'd ſcene.
Diff'rence there is: for plants no ſenſe partake:
In beaſts, degrees of ſenſe great difference make:
And men, ſupreme in the corporeal ſcale,
By reaſon's grand pre-eminence prevail.
But whence the diff'rence? From the pow'rs of mind?
Or from the organs with thoſe pow'rs combin'd?
Learning you have, and ſkill to reaſon well;
Have candour too! Confeſs you cannot tell.
Suppoſe from this, ſuppoſe from that it came;
The Author's pow'r and ſkill ſhine juſt the ſame:
The ſame the conſequence, in all reſpects;
For ſtill, what that ſhall be, 'tis God directs.
As from his arms or implements diſplay'd,
We gueſs a perſon's dignity or trade,

So,

* *Origen* obſerves, that the ſoul is, in its proper nature, incorporeal and inviſible, and always needs a body ſuitable to its place. This opinion, that the ſoul always needs a body, was ſo rooted in the fathers, that, one and all, they ſuppoſe the ſoul in the ſtate of the dead to be inveſted with an aerial or luminous body. See the parable of *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

† *Lactantius in Empedoclem*, and *Clemens Alexandrinus de Platone, Pythagora*, &c.

So, if we judge of ſouls by what they wear,
Prodigious diff'rence muſt in ſouls appear:
Diverſe muſt be their eſſences in pow'r,
As organs are in form; perhaps ev'n more:
Whereas, as far as human ſenſe can ſtrike,
Matter is all in eſſence juſt alike:
Why then, if eſſences diverſe be thought,
Are thoſe of ſpirit ſo, of matter not?
You cannot tell; nor I.—Perhaps 'tis true,
Diverſe are ſpirit's, and are matter's too.
But all is mere conjecture; muſt be ſo:
Superiors only can unerring know.
Enough for us is plain, tho' ſcience ſmall:
'Tis this,—that God in wiſdom made us all;
On God in wiſdom ſtill we muſt depend:
And due probation is our ſacred end.
Varieties I'll grant in all extent:
Spirits may riſe aſcent above aſcent;
May change like inſects, loos'd from reptile ſtates;
May angels grow, and ſoar the heav'nly heights;
Admitting all varieties, thou wilt;
All changes poſſible, except thro' guilt;
Be ſouls material (for whate'er they be,
They ſtill depend the ſame on deity:)
All muſt be happy, if but all be right:
So muſt ordain the all-creative might,
A wiſe, almighty and all-righteous Will
Solely ordains whate'er is poſſible.
To individuals Wiſdom muſt impart
Peculiar turns to paſſion and to art,
That, led by pleaſure, all might, if they wou'd,
In diff'rent functions ſerve the public good:
Some ruling biaſs hence we oft acquire;
And chance or choice may fix the ſtrong deſire.
The ruling paſſion, ruling art muſt be,
As objects act on idioſyncraſy:
Objects beget on tempers all their fruits;
No art nor paſſion without objects ſhoots.

Many a clown, who dies without a name,
In *Tully*'s place had rival'd *Tully*'s fame:
A *Newton*'s genius in a lonely cot
Had paſs'd in ſilence, as exiſting not.
As, in the world's affairs, ſome lucky hit
Advances more than induſtry and wit;
So all proficience in deſert and arts
Depends on chance, as well as care and parts:
Good parts and care may uſe contingents beſt;
But, without fortune, vain is all the reſt:
'Tis opportunity calls genius forth;
And proves alike ability and worth.
Juſt ſo 'tis circumſtance to temper gives
The fit attrition, whence each paſſion lives.
As fav'rite paſſion ſtill muſt That advance,
That's favour'd moſt by temper, circumſtance.
The ſame, as objects on his temper move,
Is warm in anger, or is warm in love:
As led by ſtate and temper to begin,
Enthuſiaſt grows in ſanctity or ſin.
The fav'rite laſts with temper, whence it ſprings;
Each change of temper a new fav'rite brings.
But grant the turns, the paſſions and the arts
To be as various, ev'n as numerous hearts;
Grant any change you pleaſe, ſo ſtill remain
Virtue unhurt—Still happineſs muſt reign!
What cauſe denies? From guilt alone can grow
Variety or change producing woe.

4. 'Tis plain, in ſyſtems true to nature's end,
No paſſions can, howe'er diverſe, offend:
Tempers and circumſtances muſt be right,
As God deſign'd, to adimplete delight.
And, correſponding to the grand deſign,
The ruling paſſion muſt be love divine.
'Tis too as plain, from guilt offence muſt grow
In love and hate, in ev'ry mode of woe:

Diſorder

Diſorder, its dire iſſue, muſt offend
The Virtuous and the Vicious, as they blend:
The Virtuous and the Vicious muſt ſuſtain
Tormenting paſſions, various modes of pain:
(Paſſions in both the ſame, except that ſtill
Good in the Virtuous, in the Vicious ill)*
While but from guilt, diſorder to induce,
Such paſſions cou'd exiſtence have, or uſe.
When love divine and holy fear are loſt,
The next ſtrong paſſion tyrannizes moſt:
As when the monarch meets untimely doom,
The next in pow'r uſurps the monarch's room:
Blaſted the temper, virtuous love is broke;
The rebel paſſion ſtrives to fix its yoke,
And rivet vice. What bondage worſe can be,
Since love of God alone is liberty!
Perhaps the paſſion, which controul'd was beſt,
Uſurping pow'r, is worſe than all the reſt:
As of all fools a witty fool is worſt;
Of tyrants the moſt pow'rful is moſt curſt.
Since different ſtates and different tempers cauſe
Some paſſions quick in theſe, and ſome in thoſe,
His quickeſt paſſion each ſhou'd govern nice,
Leſt much indulging it engender vice.
As they, who dwell beneath the frozen north,
At Boreas tremble, when it burſteth forth,
And, o'er the mountains bellowing, drives the ſnow,
Prodigious ruin whelming all below;
As they, who dwell beneath the burning zone,
When mounts the ſun his high meridian throne,
Shunning his blaze, to coolſome ſhades remove;
So one ſhou'd dread his hatred, one his love,
To love divine make ev'ry wiſh agree:
Thereon depends, depends, eternity!
Guilt is the grand tormentor, guilt's the cauſe,
Why God and Nature muſt commence our foes:

* *Lactantius.* Epit. Chap. 61.

It contravenes that harmony of things,
Whence ſocial order, health and pleaſure ſprings;
Diſhonors God, abuſes Nature, fires
The ſoul with fev'riſh and perverſe deſires;
Obſcuring reaſon with ſuch fumes of luſt,
Diſtinction fails betwixt unjuſt and juſt:
'Tis guilt that fumes the ſpark celeſtial foul;
Staining with depravation all the ſoul.
The ſad effects of depravation laſt,
When objects, actions and deſires are paſt:
The cauſe remov'd, the ſad effect remains:
Alas! The ſoul the rankling ſin retains.
Retains! aye, worſe! 'Twere well if that might do;
The ſoul retains, and propagates it too:
To all the future offſpring muſt remain,
Transfus'd, the deep ineluible ſtain.*
Nothing but grace, and grace but well apply'd,
Can waſh that clean, which filthy ſin hath dy'd.
O dire diſtemper! Senſe deprav'd by Will!
In reaſon blind! in paſſion prone to ill!
Will caus'd, but cannot cure: the Will's weak ſway,
Depraved Senſe diſdaineth to obey:
Therefore the wretched Soul, once warp'd aſide
By carnal paſſions, and inflam'd with pride,
Reaps from the body, as the JUST ordains,
With vicious joys, luxuriance of pains.

V. How fit our ſtate, how fit the frailties given
To humble pride, and hope exalt to heav'n!

Inſtructive

* This is to be underſtood only, that children always derive from their parents by generation as well as by education, ſome degree of depravity, as well as frailty; but not that they always inherit the ſame vices, or the ſame degree of corruption as their parents had: fact and experience evince, that they do not always, altho' they do often. The general law of corruption by deſcent is ſtill maintained; but varied either to better or worſe, according to the many inviſible and inſcrutable incidents, which do and muſt happen in a moral ſyſtem, compounded of ſo many ranks of free, and very different members.

Inſtructive objects hourly we ſurvey
In all around, that flouriſh and decay:
Each fading flow'r, each brute reſigning breath
Inſpires a grave ſoliloquy on death:
Each op'ning bloom, that beautifies the ſpring,
Each ſprouting blade, and ev'ry new-fledg'd wing,
That mounts rejoicing on the chryſtal wind,
Bodes reſurrection to the muſing mind:
Pride looks on thoſe, and tears ſtart in her eye;
Hope looks on theſe, and ſmiling views the ſky.
Behold how wiſely pains and pleaſures blend,
To keep us ſteady to the ſov'reign end!
See fools of rapture, flaming to purſue
Joys, fancy paints in faſcinating view,
Scarce ſooner ſeizing the deluſive charm,
Than all their ardor latent banes diſarm.
Nay, ev'n the wiſe, who but indulge, as fit,
In ſober joys (which are moſt exquiſite)
At frequent intervals find ſome allay
Suggeſt, they are but beings of a day.
As in that ſeaſon, when the greens and blooms
Clothe nature gay, and freſhly breathe perfumes,
Each bird of muſic amorous carol ſings,
And inſect-lovers friſk on filmy wings;
So gentle youth as careleſsly employ
Unnumber'd days in ſprightly acts of joy:
Yet oft the floating cloud and chilling blaſt
Foretel th'arrival of old age at laſt.
On that delight, which finer ſpirits know
In ſocial union, friendſhip's tender glow,
(That dear delight, if ought on earth be dear,
To make a parting worthy of a tear,
To heave the boſom with a longing ſigh,
Or cauſe one wiſh to linger, when we die)
On that delight, alas, what ills attend!
Thoſe ſharpeſt ills, derived from a friend!
At beſt the bleſſing hangs on chance and breath;
While oft th' attending woes are worſe than death.

Perhaps

Perhaps too few have any ſoul at all
For what, with emphaſis, we Friendſhip call!
Dull, or diverted by ſome vulgar flame,
Few riſe to Friendſhip's elevated aim.
Int'reſt's careſſes, Vanity's pretence,
And Envy's wiles admit no friendly ſenſe!
Ev'n ardent ſouls, which friendly ſeem to burn,
Oft waſte, and grow mere aſhes in the urn;
Or, like a wandering meteorous fire,
By ſudden glances kindle and expire.
Great *Alexander*, greatly mad and vain,
Stab'd his dear friend, then wept his *Clytus* ſlain:
So numbers do—Alas! It boots to know
How more a friend is cruel than a foe.
Beware of friendſhips: the capricious ſhun:
What ends in pain were better ne'er begun.
Friendſhip's the moſt ſublime of bleſſings, given
To man, the neareſt in approach to heaven;
But nobleſt things, perverted, are the worſt:
To find our heav'n a hell is moſt accurſt.
O happy they, who, worthy friendſhip's name,
United long, are conſtantly the ſame!
Like rows of columns, ſome fair ſtructure's baſe,
Each lends to each at once ſupport and grace:
Or liker ſtars, whoſe mutual pulſes keep
Their gyres undevious thro' th' etherial deep,
They move harmonious, ſhedding genial fire,
'Till, as ſhall ſtars, they glorioufly expire.
Such happy ſouls, ev'n when their joys are ſpent,
Repoſe in union, full of ſweet content;
Their tranquil tempers feel no ruder woe,
Than thoſe, which age and frailty may beſtow;
And pure contentment oft prolongs their ſtay
In life, 'till late; when calm they glide away:
Happy are they, if happineſs e'er deigns
To caſt one beam on earth's devoted plains.
But ah! theſe higheſt joys can only move
To wiſh for joys eternal far above;

They ſoon paſs by: they juſt ſalute the heart;
Awake the warm deſire, and then depart.
While ſoul and body ſympathize in all
Actions and paſſions, whether great or ſmall,
Whatever ſtrikes the body or the ſoul
In any point of frailty, ſhakes the whole.
Alike perceives the Delver in the ſoil
Subdu'd the mind, when body droops with toil,
And Student, eaſy tho' he ſeems reclin'd,
The body faint, when weary is the mind.
See anger, when the ſoul bounds in the breaſt,
The ſwelling heart juſt burſting from its cheſt,
Each turgid muſcle and inflated vein
The purple tide ſcarce able to contain:
Or love, conſuming with a milder flame,
Like ſecret lamp the vitals of the frame;
Soft ſteals the ſigh, the accents gently flow
With palpitation and the ruby glow:
Or grief, that chills the blood, unnerves each part;
Almoſt ſuſpends the motion of the heart:
Or joy, expanding like a nitrous blaze;
Thro' ev'ry nerve the pleaſing ruin plays;
Wild ſparkles in the eye, and oft appears
With pleaſure mad, in laughter or in tears:
Mark how theſe paſſions, flown above controul,
Conſume the body, as they plague the ſoul.
Thoſe finely delicate harmonious ties,
Procuring taſte and knowledge to the wiſe,
How often ruſt for want of due employ?
How paſſion, thought, debauchery deſtroy?
Since guilt and frailty into nature came,
Virtues or Vices may deſtroy our frame:
For pain muſt all vice-tainted natures try;
And good as bad beneath the curſe muſt die.
When body's injur'd by the ſlighteſt thing,
A flea's proboſcis, or an emmet's ſting,
A mote, a feather, or a breath of air,
The ſoul, alarm'd, exerts her ſpeedy care.

See age or ſickneſs on the organs prey;
The ſenſe grows dull, the mem'ry fades away:
Tremblings and ſpaſms the nervous ſyſtem ſieze;
Delirium, dotage, then, the mind diſeaſe:
The ſoul juſt ſtruggles, while the lungs hold breath,
'Till pang'd, benumb'd, it yields at laſt in death.
No ſkill, no might exempts the wiſe and brave
From frailty's law, from miſery and the grave.
Great *Mithridates*, wiſe as well as great,
And brave as wiſe, experienc'd dire defeat:
Ev'n poiſon's pow'r his ſcience could repel;
But by an executioner he fell.
Whilſt rude *Goliah* boaſts gigantic ſtrength,
A pebble lays him ſhivering at his length.
Is Death's attack uncertain?—No great ill! *
God may excuſe probation when he will.
Death awes the living to abide prepar'd,
Patroles their walks and keeps them on their guard.
As ſturdy Ruſtic, with a ſweeping hand,
Mows down the flow'ry offspring of the land,
Alike the ſpringing blade and ripen'd ear,
Strews daiſes there and fragrant lilies here;
So Death, unſparing, lays his ſcythe on all
With waſteful hand: Without diſtinction fall
The old, the young, the monarch and the ſlave,
To glut with carnage the inſatiate grave.
He mocks at miſery: not him can move
The widow's indigence, or virgin's love.
From tender breaſts he tears an only boy,
The father's hope, the fondling mother's joy;
Of ſome proud houſe, the laſt, the darling heir;
Adieu, bright hope! Adieu, each pleaſing care!
He ſpurns the monarch headlong from his throne,
Regarding neither royal ſmile nor frown:
Whole armies cruſhes in his iron hand;
And grins at deſolation thro' the land.

Such

* Wiſ. Sol. 4.

Such are the frailties, roſe in evil hour,
To ſhew ſin's nature, God's avenging pow'r:
Severe, but kind, monitions, vice to quell,
And virtue try and ſtrengthen to excel,
In due ſubſervience to the glorious plan
Of trying, and, at laſt, redeeming man.

VI. Sin muſt the members of the world infeſt,
By means and meaſures, God determines beſt.
Blaſpheme not God for ills, which you endure:
'Tis ſin, that cauſes; but 'tis God muſt cure.
If for God's glory Nature roſe, much more
He for his glory muſt the ſame reſtore:
Grace, only *Grace*, can his deſign complete;
Can Him illuſtrate godlike good and great.
Grace is the focus of his radiant face:
Juſtice and mercy meet converg'd in grace:
Diſplaying thoſe, 'tis plain, he muſt diſplay
Wiſdom, pow'r, freedom, in the nobleſt way:
His attributes in grace united ſhine,
Bright with full ſplendor, fraught with force divine.
Therefore by grace the world will he reſtore
To new, ſublime perfection, evermore.

Chriſt, the Redeemer, ſoon ſhall overthrow
Satan, the traitor, author of our woe.
Satan, tho' prince of this ill time of fall,
Muſt yield to *Chriſt*, anointed Lord of all.*
Healing thro' *Chriſt's* atonement God will give:
Chriſt, God's beloved, dies, that thou may'ſt live.
Stupendous proceſs! wonderful to prove
God's love of truth, immenſity of love!

At length the ſequel fully will expound
Where ſin abounded grace did more abound;†
That as ſin reign'd to death, ſo grace might reign
To endleſs life, if we aſpire to gain:‡

* *Barnabas*, Epiſt. C. 18.
† Rom. 5.
‡ I. Cor. 15.

As death from ſin, and all thro' *Adam* die;
So life from grace, and *Chriſt* will all ſupply.
If, in this ſyſtem, numbers muſt ſuſtain,
'Tho' pure from actual ſin, both vice and pain,
Yet why demur? What marvel? All that's paſt
Remuneration will correct at laſt:
The Juſt ſhall find the bleſt reward they ſought:
The Wicked ſuffer only what they ought.
So ſtern God's hate of vice, who ſtill rebel,
Will ſurely find a moſt dolorous hell:
So warm his love of virtue, the forgiven
Will ſurely find a beatific heaven.
If men derive, from their corrupted ſires,
The ſin original, vain thoughts, deſires;
If oft they ſuffer, both from fiends and men,
Ills undeſerv'd, nay, ill for good—what then?
All this, ſince their misfortune, not their fault,
Will operate exactly as it ought;
Draw pity, pardon and reward; that ſtill,
Glory is ſure, on their concurring will.
Without concurrence, loſt muſt all remain;
Nay, more profoundly ſink in guilt and pain:
But, with concurrence, all more prov'd may riſe,
More amiable, more glorious, to the ſkies.

No wonder, *men* upon ſuch terms muſt bend
To ſuffer wrongs, to ſerve the ſovereign end.
If *ſons of men* be curs'd for ſin in one,
The *ſon of God* is curs'd for ſin t' atone.
No wonder ſo ſeverely man he tries;
The Lord of glory under trial dies.
Nor this unjuſt.—Horrendous, if you deem;
Behold Him crown'd with dignity ſupreme!
The Lord of glory juſtly yields to die,
The juſt for unjuſt,—his reward ſo high!

Reward makes juſt all ſufferings in this plan,
Of juſt from unjuſt, and of Chriſt for man.
Shall we, poor reptiles! impiouſly complain,
If God by ſcourging makes us know our bane?
O let us rather gratefully adore
The love chaſtiſing, neither ſcourging more!
If one offence incurr'd the wrath of heav'n,
Many, on penitence, hath Grace forgiven.
God is far readier life than death to give,
Are we but ready humbly to receive.
All means to ſave, in trial, he extends:
The iſſue fairly on ourſelves depends:
What wou'd we more?—On ſin muſt wrath enſue;
And but on penitence can grace renew.
Juſt as we merit, ſo muſt God decree
In retribution, of neceſſity;
The good to heav'nly joys, which ever flow;
The bad to flames of everlaſting woe.

VII. Such is the plan in Revelation's light,
Confirm'd by Nature, own'd by Reaſon right;
Supremely right! the Creatures riſe or fall
As good or bad; and God is all in all.
With prime regard to morals ſtrictly caſt,
Probation is requir'd from firſt to laſt;
From *Chriſt* and *Satan*, chiefs of weal and woe,
Down to frail man, and all deſcents below:
Each muſt concur itſelf to crown or kill;
And all conduce to prove God holy ſtill.
To this great purpoſe all God's works conſpire,
And all his ways: the grand accord admire!
Nature roſe perfect; on offence it fell:
Grace beam'd to ſuccor thoſe, who ſtudy well.
With curſe and grace are all condignly try'd;
Still more and more, as good and bad divide:
Satan and ſinners faſcinate to ſtray;
Chriſt and the righteous ſtrengthen to obey;

Sav'd

Sav'd thoſe who do, damn'd thoſe who not, repent;
'Till God's high glory ſhine moſt eminent.
Such is the plan in Revelation's view!
Nature and Reaſon ratify it true.
The ſov'reign glory there appears, expreſt
By means moſt fit.—WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

VIII. O Revelation! rational thy view!
Nature's fair comment, purely good and true!
Forgot *the paſt*, impervious *the to come*,
Man from *the preſent* ne'er cou'd know *the ſum*:
Muſt vainly wander in the dubious maze;
For God alone can vindicate God's ways:
A revelation therefore He imparts,
Kindly to comfort and reform our hearts.
Without this light if Reaſon's glimmering eye
Surveys the ſcene, the God it muſt deſcry;
But whether to pronounce him good and juſt,
Muſt ſtand in doubt; and doubt forever muſt.
Conjecturing only from our proſpects here,
How moſt prepoſterous Nature muſt appear?
What cruel cauſe created life in pain,
And moſt abſurdly cruſhes it again?
What numbers, hardly breathing from their birth,
Endure death's pangs, and ſink convuls'd to earth?
This moment numbers, as in moments paſt,
Of ev'ry age and ſpecies groan their laſt.
Why did they live?—Why, rather, do they die?
Does God delight in making to deſtroy?
View, Man, thyſelf! expos'd to miſery;
Unable either to reſiſt or flee;
Born with aſpiring faculties, but blind;
Hoping immortal life, in doubt to find;
Juſt wiſe enough thy wretchedneſs to know,
And own a God, unknown if good or no;
An atom in a boundleſs ocean toſs'd;
In ſin and pain emphatically loſt;

To whom no aid beyond thyſelf ſeems given;
No ſolace ſprings from earth, nor beams from heav'n;
Thy woes, perhaps, eternal too, if Fate
O'er all good attributes predominate,
—Shou'd I diſſemble?—Such is Nature's view:
'Tis ſhocking!—Yet, perhaps, the beſt for you.
Which ſeems moſt dreadful (let your conſcience tell)
A *fatal*, or an *equitable*, Hell?
I underſtand you—*You may wholly die:**
Well!—grant that Fate can fatal life deſtroy;
How ſad the hope, which only fiends enjoy?
How curs'd the wretch, preferring in his breaſt
Nature's worſt view to Revelation's beſt!
Has Grace no charms for thee?—O then, deſpair!
A righteous God makes all be as they are.
How chang'd the ſcene, when Revelation ſhews
Nature all right, and worthy of its cauſe!
Let Nature's light and Revelation's join,
The ſcheme appears all-glorioufly divine:
No fear of Fate to rack eternal ſenſe;
For both proclaim God's free omnipotence:
No fear that God, by abſolute decree,
Created worlds for cauſeleſs miſery:
Plainly, neceſſity of good or ill
Reſults alone from uſe abuſe of will:
From virtue pleaſure, and from vice comes pain;
While God o'er-rules to urge or to reſtrain.
Clearly theſe truths has Revelation ſhewn;
And Nature well corroborates them known.
Happieſt are they (at leaſt, by all confeſt,
They bear the trueſt tendence to be bleſt)

Whom

* Nec ignoro pleroſque conſcientia meritorum nihil ſe eſſe poſt mortem magis optare, quam credere. Malunt enim extingui penitus, quam ad ſupplicia reparari. Quorum error augetur, & in ſeculo libertate remiſsa, & dei patientia maxima, cujus quanto judicium tardum, tanto magis juſtum eſt.—*Minucius Felix*, p. 329, Edit. Lugduni. Batavorum.

Whom wiſdom, friendſhip, piety employ;
The three compoſing true eternal joy,
Compoſing that, which *Charity* we call,
The perfect bond and common bliſs of all.
The pains of virtue, but from vice ariſe;
And genuine pleaſure never ſprings from vice:
We find, as virtue in the mind expires,
A plague engenders in our own deſires:
And all the evil, in communion known,
Proceeds from vice, from other's or our own.
A ſtrong preſumption, virtue ſole wou'd bleſs
With perfect bliſs, did vice not bring diſtreſs:
A ſtrong preſumption, Nature firſt was built
Completely happy; evil roſe from guilt.
Nature, as far as theſe its ruins can,
Atteſts the truth of Revelation's plan:
Nature declares this miſery and hate
Is its imperfect, its unnatural ſtate:
Perfection lies, as all its fragments prove,
In perfect order bound by perfect love:
It groans beneath a curſe, 'till grace ſet free
The ſons of God to glorious liberty.

Nay, ſo adroitly Nature's plan is laid,
While it denotes our ail, it hints our aid.*
In Nature's ſelf we ſee the hand of Grace
Well-treating vice to give repentance place.
So far is grace remember'd in the curſe,
Our conſcience checks all vices with remorſe;
Our carnal frame checks thoſe, which it deſtroy;
Our injur'd neighbours thoſe, which them annoy:

Ten

* The law of Moſes, does *this* more eminently: by enforcing the law of nature, it illuſtrates man's ſin and condemnation, and evinces his need of grace; by its rites and typical ſacrifices it ſhadows out Chriſt, and ſo points to that grace, the need of which it evinces. This (according to the apoſtle, and indeed according to the evident nature of it) was the end of that law; an end, which, as I here obſerve, alſo is conſulted in nature. Such is the analogy between the natural and the revealed proceſs of God's providence!

Ten thouſand dangers kindly warn to ſhun
The fatal ways, which to deſtruction run.
'Tis Grace in Nature thus conſults our gain,
While we by fooliſh guilt incur our bane.
Yes, Grace in Nature ſilently appears:
Nature ſtill hints what Revelation clears.
In fallen Nature more cou'd not be ſhewn,
To prove the truths from Revelation known.
Reaſon accords!—What uſe of grace and pain,
Except for vice, to cure, chaſtiſe, reſtrain?
No uſe cou'd be! for none, where none thwart heav'n,
Are injur'd, puniſh'd, pitied or forgiven.
Reaſon accords; Experience, Common-ſenſe,
All, we contend for, potently evince:
Evil did riſe, at once for wrath and grace,
When ſin, curs'd ſin, condemn'd the hapleſs race.
Now ſay, does Evil, which from ſin thus roſe,
Impeach?—It juſtifies—the ſov'reign cauſe!
It roſe, as laws of *wiſdom* muſt require,
As *all the laws of reaſon and deſire*:
It *now continues*, muſt *continue ſtill*,
Thoſe ſacred *laws* entirely *to fulfil*:
Over impenitents it muſt endure
Forevermore, to puniſh and immure;
But over penitents, who health purſue,
Shall only reign, 'till trying grace renew.
Can human ſearch pervade the whole deſign?
No!—But diſcover, it is all divine:
The parts explor'd atteſt the parts untrod,
Wiſe, juſt and gracious, grand, and worthy God.
No ſyſtem poſſible cou'd more explain
The worth of virtue, and of vice the bane;
Trial exalt in angels, men and brutes;
And give diſplay to all God's attributes:
Nothing cou'd more the nobleſt views extend,
And ALL FULFIL the glorious SOVEREIGN END.

IX.

IX. O gracious, wise, almighty God! thy ways
Extort my wonder and devouteſt praiſe!
How excellent thy plan! how wiſely built
To honor virtue and to puniſh guilt!
Ills in probation we may gladly bear,
If bleſſed retribution be our care.
Whatever happens, gives us to attain
A more exceeding weight of glorious gain.
May I, thus conſcious in what ſtate I ſtand,
Piouſly humble to thy mighty hand!
May all mankind repentantly ſurvey
Thy rod, and aw'd, eternally obey!

X. The day will come, when Nature muſt expire,
One vaſt vulcano, rent with raging fire:
Then riches, pomp, the precious works of art,
The pride and tranſport of the human heart,
Shall periſh all.—Ah, what avails the ſway
Of mighty monarchs? what the heroe's day
Of glorious ſlaughter? what the ſoldier's ſpoil,
The merchant's traffic, or the artiſt's toil?
A pompous palace? or a noble name?
The virgin's beauty? or the poet's fame?
All, all muſt periſh!—Yet deluded man
Acts juſt repugnant to this awful plan.
Death, grief and pain, and threat'ning from the throne
Of heav'nly majeſty, with grace ſent down,
Fail to perſuade—His reaſon, meant to guide,
Miſleads, and pimps for appetite and pride:
The choiceſt bleſſings the Ingrate inflame
With guiltieſt paſſions; glory turns to ſhame:
The very doctrines of ſalvation prove
Cauſes of cruelty, inſtead of love:
All he perverts!—O Hell! can all thy fires
Supply the torments, which his guilt requires?
O thou incarnate! thou exalted Son!
Can all thy merits for his ſins atone?

Stupen-

Stupendous Mercy! ever nigh and ſure
Thy ſweet compaſſion! thy redeeming pow'r!
Let men repent, thy aiding ſpirit brings
The healing cordial, ſwift on light'ning wings.
But who repent? They ruſh to be undone!
They mock at truth, 'till life's laſt ſand be run!
'Till taught of Death!—Profoundly Death explains
The end of Sin, the folly of its pains;
In one ſhort moment teaches ſinners more
Than all divines of ages cou'd before:*
But that profound inſtruction comes too late;
Withdrawn is grace; for ever ſeal'd is fate.
God will, and muſt, in time complete his plan;
Nor ſtay the ſeaſons in their courſe for man.
Do thou in time repent! with ſpeed ſecure
Mercy's ſweet balm, while he permits the hour.

XI. Pourtray'd in unextinguiſhable light,
Reaſoners, behold—*Whatever is is right.*
Yet, when the ſequel, more minute, ſhall trace
The works of ſin and counter-works of grace,
Thoſe prone to damn, theſe ardent to reſtore,
The ſov'reign glory will exuberate more.

* II. Eſdras. 9. 12.

END OF BOOK II.

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APPENDIX.

NOTES,

Referred to in the preceding Poem by corresponding Numbers.

(1) IT ſeems neceſſary that every Being, endued with Life or Senſe, ſhould alſo be endued with Will or a ſelf-acting principle; not becauſe the idea of Senſe neceſſarily includes that of Will; but becauſe Senſe without Will would want its chief uſe. The chief uſe of Senſe ſeems to be to perceive good and evil, natural and moral, in order that the Being ſo perceiving may purſue the one, and avoid the other; which it could not do without Will or a ſelf-acting power.

Will or the ſelf-acting power muſt be free for the ſake of probation: ſuppoſing it not *entirely* free, ſo as to be able either to act, or not to act, at all times, and in all circumſtances; yet it muſt at leaſt be *partially* free, and able to direct the degree, manner, and end of its action. We feel experimentally that, by virtue of this power, the mind is free in ſome meaſure, to direct the degree, manner, and end of its action: whether it is entirely free to act, or not to act, may be doubted. It is poſſible, that the nature of the ſelf-acting principle may be ſuch, as to bear in itſelf a neceſſity of acting, and have liberty only of modifying its action. This depends ſolely on God's pleaſure. It is certain, we cannot, by any command of will, ceaſe to have ideas and ſenſations; but indeed in having theſe, the mind is often merely paſſive; for the ſenſe (which confeſſedly is wholly paſſive) muſt have ideas and feel, whether we will, or no. But this is nothing to the queſtion about the Will. Can we ceaſe *thinking*, *i. e.* make our minds to ceaſe acting about thoſe ideas and ſenſations? I confeſs I cannot tell; but I am inclined to believe that we can: I think the ſelf-acting power is intirely free, that it can act, or not act. But the Senſe being continually ſolicited by objects (at leaſt by thoſe motions

tions in the body, which excite ideas and ſenſations) the ſelf-acting power is perpetually in action, more or leſs; and on its action depends our very exiſtence. We readily, eaſily, habitually, and almoſt neceſſarily, will that, which the Senſe informs us is neceſſary, or proper for us to will: and this we do ſo very eaſily and habitually, that we are often not conſcious of willing, either freely, or at all. This is the caſe not only in breathing, and other internal actions of the body, neceſſary to life; but in thinking, yea even in deſiring, and alſo in many external bodily actions. Indeed the act of willing is what we never are conſcious of, but either when we reflect upon it, or when we will intenſely, as when ſeveral things at once engage the ſenſe, and draw us different ways, and cauſe us to will many different, and ſometimes oppoſite things, in the ſame moment. We are commonly too much occupied with ideas and ſenſations of other things, to be conſcious of any act of the Will. I incline to believe the Will is entirely free; only it acts, as nature meant, in conformity with Senſe; and acts often ſo readily and imperceptibly, that we can ſcarcely tell whether it always acts freely or not. It is not without a great effort of Will that we can act contrary to Senſe. However, if the Will is not entirely free in all reſpects, it is partially free in many. If it *acts* neceſſarily, it *directs* freely: it is free in reſpect to the degree, manner, and end of its action. In theſe reſpects its freedom in itſelf is boundleſs; only it cannot boundleſly exert this freedom; becauſe it can neither effect any thing beyond the reach of the other powers, beyond its organs and inſtruments; nor employ them, without proper objects for them to be employed upon. In ſhort, it is free in itſelf, and free in the exerciſe of the other powers, juſt as it ought to be: and this granted (as it muſt be by every one, who will believe his own feelings) man is ſufficiently a moral and accountable being.

The diſpute concerning the freedom of Will has, I think, like many others, been chiefly founded on a verbal ambiguity. The word *Will*, in our language is uſed, as its correſponding terms are in all others, to ſignify both *Will*, peculiarly ſo called, and *Deſire*. The word under this ambiguity has induced even the learned (which is no uncommon caſe) to confound Will and Deſire, and ſometimes to conſider them as one. In common life no inconvenience uſually accrues from this inaccurate uſe of words; but in philoſophy nothing occaſions greater perplexity. *Will* and *Deſire*, philoſophically ſpeaking, are very diſtinct things: But as *Deſire* is paſſion compounded with an act of Will, we generally ſay we *will* what we *deſire*. None are more liable to deceptions from the ambiguity of words, and from the complication of different things, than thoſe, who endeavour moſt at deep inveſtigations; for the mind, like the eye, will begin to glimmer, and loſe its diſcernment by attending to certain objects more nicely and intenſely, than it can bear. People in common life perceive ſufficiently

ficiently (without adverting that they do) the difference between what is free, and what is neceſſary within their own minds; and think and act accordingly: but the philoſopher, when he would ſeparate thoſe qualities nicely and abſtractedly, finds he cannot; and more eſpecially as the word *Will* being often uſed to ſignify a *compound of Action and Paſſion*, called *Deſire*, as well as the *power of ſelf-agency*, which is properly *Will*, contributes not a little to confound him. I think, if a man will throw aſide words, and contemplate what he feels in his mind, he will eaſily perceive both freedom and neceſſity; and will have juſt as ſtrong a perception of the one, as of the other; but he will find them intimately blended in action and paſſion; as undoubtedly they muſt be, to have any uſe. To keep our ideas of theſe matters as diſtinct, and our reaſoning about them as clear, as we can, we ſhould, in philoſophical diſcourſes, confine the word *Will*, to ſignify the active and *free power* of the mind; and ſhould denote the paſſive and *neceſſary power* by the word *Senſe*. Theſe words being thus fixed as ſigns of theſe ideas, we might reaſon on theſe ſubjects without confuſion or perplexity. Great is the importance, not only of getting clear ideas, but of affixing to them exact ſigns or words, by which they may be kept forever diſtinct and permanent. Logic is more properly the art of marking ideas with ſigns, than the art of reaſoning; it no farther aſſiſts to reaſon, than as it induces to attend: the benefit of it conſiſts in making us obſerve ideas attentively, diſtinguiſh them exactly, and mark their diſtinctions accurately with words or ſigns.

The exiſtence of the idea of freedom is an irrefragable proof of the exiſtence of freedom itſelf: for without the reality of freedom, we could have no ſuch idea. All poſſible ideas muſt ariſe from ſomething real. The creatures of fancy, or mere fictions, are always made up of ideas derived from realities; but there is no reality, from which we could derive the idea of freedom, but freedom itſelf: nothing elſe is like it, or has ought in common with it: therefore the idea is an undeniable proof of the thing.

(2) I have ſeen, with ſurprize, men of great name diſputing *What is the foundation of duty or obligation.* The foundation of duty or obligation cannot be ſimply one point, as they generally ſuppoſe; but ſeveral, as ſhall preſently appear. In every ſuppoſeable ſyſtem there muſt neceſſarily be a fitneſs in the relations of the parts; and in the real ſyſtem of nature, its author hath appointed a variety of *moral fitneſſes* for the probation of his creatures. Every moral being muſt be endued with a *ſenſe* to perceive thoſe fitneſſes, and with *free-Will* to act ſuitably to them: This *Senſe and free Will* conſtitute a moral being; And theſe conſidered in reſpect of thoſe *fitneſſes*, conſtitute duty or obligation. Then the foundation of duty is moral power in the agent, and moral fitneſs in the object. All creatures, capable of diſtinguiſhing right from wrong, are conſequently ſubject to duty. To the human

human ſpecies, and other higher ranks of being, this duty or obligation is enhanced by a farther perception of the *divine Will*, commanding, or at leaſt pointing out, obedience to thoſe moral rules, which are eſtabliſhed in the fitneſſes of things. To ſuch beings the *divine Will* is another point of foundation for duty. But any being, endued with ſenſe to perceive the moral fitneſſes of things only, ought (or is under obligation) to purſue thoſe fitneſſes, from a regard to nature and truth; even as God himſelf purſues them by the mere rectitude of his nature. A being alſo, which together with theſe perceives a God, *i.e.* the ſupreme moral Governor, ought (or is under obligation) to purſue them from a farther motive, even from obedience to the will of God: the perception of God immenſely enhances and ſtrengthens the obligation. Thus it appears, that the foundation of duty is, firſt, *moral power* in the Agent; ſecondly, *moral fitneſs* in the Object; and thirdly, *the Will of God*. Some learned, ingenious, and elaborate moraliſts and metaphyſicians have ſeparated *moral fitneſs*, *moral ſenſe*, and the *divine will* in conſidering the nature and foundation of duty; and have ſet them at variance; ſome arguing one of them, and ſome another to be ſingly the foundation of duty, or the ground of obligation: but in nature they are joined in harmony; and *thoſe, whom God hath joined together, let no man put aſunder*. In the very notion of duty is eſſentially implied, 1ſt. A moral fitneſs or rule, 2dly. A moral ſenſe perceiving that fitneſs, and 3dly. A free ability to follow it. Theſe all are eſſential to duty, and conſtitute its very nature; but the force of duty is greatly enhanced by adding to theſe a ſenſe of God, a knowledge of his will and command. Theſe all are foundations of duty, in their ſeveral degrees; and unite to ſtrengthen its obligation. In this view, we ſee the ſubject in its true parts and proportions: whereas ingenious ſpeculatiſts often perplex what they mean to explain, by unfortunately viewing them (indeed cloſely, but) partially, as if looking at them thro' a microſcope: they ſee one or a few minute parts very clearly and accurately; but ſo ſeemingly out of place and ſize, out of all proportion and conformity to the reſt, that on this account they form a moſt prepoſterous judgment of the whole.

That ever any perſon ſhould profeſs to doubt the exiſtence of *moral fitneſſes*, or relations, is one of thoſe phænomena in human nature, that ſeem ſurprizing. Such doubt appears to me next to impoſſible. I as neceſſarily perceive the moral relations of objects, as the natural, or as the objects themſelves. Again, that any perſon ſhould ever queſtion the exiſtence of a *moral ſenſe* does, of courſe, ſeem equally ſurprizing; for what is it but a moral ſenſe, that perceives moral fitneſſes? The perception of moral fitneſſes is to me the moſt unqueſtionable evidence of the exiſtence, both of them and of the moral ſenſe perceiving them. I am as conſcious of moral relations in things, and of moral affections in myſelf,

ſelf excited by them, as I am of natural relations, and of thoſe natural affections, which they excite. The *moral* inſtincts, or the ſenſations and appetites of benevolence, juſtice, gratitude, &c. and their oppoſite averſions, are as natural and neceſſary as are the inſtincts, ſenſations and appetites, which we call *natural*: hunger and thirſt, or any other natural ſenſations whatever, are not more diſtinct, nor ſometimes more poignant. Some minds, at leaſt, have the taſte of moral things as acute, as any palate has the taſte of drink or food. *Bleſſed are they, who hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs; for they ſhall be filled.*

The moral affections, as well as the natural, are imperfect in fallen creatures; and grow ſtill more defective or corrupt thro' neglect or abuſe. Alas, they are commonly the ſtrongeſt and pureſt in young minds, before falſe reaſoning, ill cuſtoms, and depraved natural affections ſtifle and pervert them. It is true, they cannot be properly directed to their objects, nor exerciſed in the nobleſt manner, without proper practical principles of knowledge, which muſt be attained by reaſon and diſcipline: but alas! reaſon and diſcipline, which ought to improve and refine the affections, do, too commonly, diſorder and corrupt them. This is finely, as well as juſtly, remarked by *Cicero* in his book on Friendſhip. Having defined friendſhip to be charity or univerſal benevolence towards creature and creator, the perfection of all ſociality and religion; he obſerves that this friendſhip is far from being the reſult of thought, or of a ſelfiſh conſideration of our wants and intereſts, as ſome would have it, for it ariſes from a cauſe *antiquior et pulchrior*; namely, from a generous inſtinct of the ſoul.

In note 17, Book I. it has been obſerved, that we cannot poſſibly conceive how a moral ſyſtem could be formed on other principles, than thoſe, we ſee exhibited in nature and revelation; and that, according to thoſe principles, virtue is neither *ſeeking preſent pleaſure in the diſcreteſt manner*, as ſome imagine; nor is it (as others aſſert) *altogether mercenary in ſeeking future pleaſure:* But it bears, as it ought, a proper reſpect to ſelf, ſociety and God; its ſacred rule is fitneſs, order, rectitude, duty; and we are placed in a proper ſtate of diſcipline for its trial, progreſſion, and impletion. I ſhall here farther obſerve, 1ſt. That the ſole object of virtue can never be preſent pleaſure; not only becauſe ſuch a narrow view is inconſiſtent with the nature of virtue; but becauſe in many inſtances, duty requires, that the greateſt, and indeed all, preſent pleaſures ſhould be totally relinquiſhed. Hence ariſes one principal argument for a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments: were there no ſuch ſtate, in which a ſteady adherence to duty ſhall be rewarded, our intereſt and our duty might often be totally incompatible: a caſe, which certainly God never intended! But admitting ſuch a ſtate, our intereſt and our duty can never be totally incompatible; on this ſcheme, all is harmonious

and

and right; and manifeſts a deſign worthy of ſupreme wiſdom and goodneſs. Moreover as Virtue cannot be wholly attached to *preſent pleaſure*; ſo 2dly. neither is it wholly mercenary in purſuing *future pleaſure:* for along with ſelf-intereſt it unites the good of Society and the glory of God: it neceſſarily muſt; and ſometimes it conſiders thoſe as equal, if not ſuperior, to all ſelf-regards. Nor is this all: *mercenarineſs*, when it has a future ſtate for its object, is not ignoble; on the contrary, it implies an high degree of true Virtue and Religion. It is evident, that ſuch mercenarineſs cannot ſubſiſt, but on a principle of faith and confidence towards God: and what but ſuch faith is the genuine root of human Virtue; the root from which muſt ſpring the perfect flower and fruit, which is Charity? The purſuit of duty from ſuch a motive is the proper reſult of Virtue in a ſtate of trial; is the requiſite diſcipline, to train the ſoul properly by ſelfiſh affections to a due exertion of the ſocial and religious, and to that habit of regard to duty, wherein moral perfection conſiſts. There is a vaſt difference between being mercenary in doing one's duty; and mercenary in tranſgreſſing it: in the firſt, if the expected reward lies in a future ſtate; both faith in God is implied; and the mind is exerciſed in a proper way of diſcipline to obtain the love of goodneſs for its own ſake; but in the latter, God is diſcarded, and the mind is exerciſed in a way of diſſoluteneſs, tending to utter corruption. To purſue the path of duty even with a view to temporal reward, is often meritorious, and much conducive to the increaſe of Virtue and Charity. Indeed it appears from our frame, that we are, (as well as it is evident from abſtract fitneſs, that we ought to be) made to be moved in the purſuit of duty by ſelfiſh, as well as by ſocial and religious views. Virtue is a proper diſpoſition towards them all. Acting virtuouſly is acting rationally, or agreeable to the fitneſs of things. Charity, the perfection of Virtue, is then the moſt complete, when the ſelfiſh, ſocial, and religious affections are the moſt harmoniouſly united: the juſt union of them all greatly ſtrengthens each, and animates the ſoul in the purſuit of duty. 'Tis true, he that adheres to duty only for the ſake of preſent reward, and would without that attraction deſert it, is really as bad as if he actually did deſert it; he has no ſort of virtue or merit in his obedience: but this hardly needs obſervation.

Some have queſtioned whether *natural* or *poſitive* duties are the moſt obligatory. Now it is certain that every poſitive duty is founded in ſome natural duty: for example, the poſitive duty of keeping the ſabbath is founded in the natural duty of obedience to God; therefore natural and poſitive are equally obligatory. It is aſked, which ſort ought to be preferred, when they come in competition? I anſwer, that duty is to be preferred (of whichſoever ſort it be) which is by the preſent circumſtances rendered the moſt incumbent to be performed at the time. It has been queſtioned, whether

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there is more Virtue in obeying poſitive or natural duties. It may as wiſely be aſked, whether a man has more health riding or walking. Virtue conſiſts not in this or that act; but in the habit of the mind. Volumes have been written pro and con upon theſe queſtions, by learned and ingenious men; and without coming to any certain concluſion at the laſt; while every plain man's common-ſenſe decides truly at a glance.

(3) *Reaſon* and *Paſſion* are the two general modes of Senſe, diſtinct in kind. other particular modes of Senſe are all ſpecies of one or other of theſe.

Reaſon and *inſtinct* are commonly very frivolouſly diſtinguiſhed. Inſtinct is underſtood of action and paſſion, as well as of thinking; but when it is underſtood of thinking, or perceiving truth, (in which ſenſe only it can properly be put in queſtion with reaſon) it is evident to me that reaſon and inſtinct are the ſame mode of Senſe. If any diſtinction muſt be made, it is this; inſtinct is the mode of perceiving, like that of the eye, when it neceſſarily ſees an object preſented to it: reaſon is a mode of perceiving, like that of the eye, when it is turned to ſearch for an object, and applied to ſurvey it minutely. In both caſes the ſenſe perceives neceſſarily, or if you will, inſtinctively. In ſeeking, the ſenſe may miſs its object; or having found it, may not ſee it diſtinctly: this occaſions error in judgment. The diſtinction between *Reaſon* and *Common-ſenſe* is frivolous: for reaſon is nothing but common-ſenſe (or the ſenſe common to minds, the *natura* or *communis Intelligentia* of *Cicero*) exerted and exerciſed. You might as properly diſtinguiſh *ſeeing* from *attentive looking*, or *hearing* from *diligent hearing*.

In the act of reaſoning are employed all the faculties of the mind; each more or leſs, as the ſubject reaſoned on may require. The will ſets the other powers on work; it excites the memory to waken ideas on the ſenſe; the imagination to aſſemble and arrange them in different combinations; while the ſenſe itſelf is employed in obſerving thoſe ideas, in comparing them, and diſcerning their relations.

And as reaſoning is a compound act, *i. e.* an act of all the powers together, ſo is *deſire* (ſtrictly ſpeaking) a compound of paſſion and action: It is paſſion joined with an act of the Will: It is a ſenſation of pleaſure or pain, accompanied with ſuch an act of Will as moves the mind to ſeek or ſhun the object, occaſioning the ſenſation.

From the ſtructure of our frame, I think we may conclude, that the mind (whatever it is) cannot perceive without proper organs, neither act to any good purpoſe: for elſe why ſhould it be inveſted with ſuch an apparatus of organs? From the conſtitution of the mind a neceſſity may riſe, requiring that the mind ſhould ever be inveſted with ſome ſort of organs, in order to the exertion of its powers. We cannot explain the manner in which ſenſations are conveyed by the organs to the mind; yet thoſe or-

gans lead us to conclude, that there is a peculiar fitneſs between them and the mind, a fitneſs ſo neceſſary, that the mind cannot act and perceive without proper organs. The ancients held that the ſoul after death is inveſted with an aerial or elſe a luminous vehicle.

The five ſenſes (as they are called) that is, the five ſeveral modes or ways, by which the impreſſions of external things are conveyed to the ſenſe, are Seeing, Feeling, Hearing, Taſting, Smelling. Inſtead of five, God might have given us five hundred, if he had pleaſed, for ought we know; but theſe five are ſufficient to every preſent purpoſe of our nature.

Of theſe five the ſight is the moſt perfect in the human ſpecies, being both the moſt comprehenſive and exact, and affording the greateſt advantages. Mr. *Reid*, in his *Enquiry into the Human Mind*, aſſerts, that ſight, without touch, cannot enable us to judge of the figure, ſituation, and diſtance of an object: but this is certainly a miſtake. By an original law of our nature, we perceive the figure, ſituation, and diſtance of objects by the ſight, and that too without experience; but indeed without experience we perceive them not at all accurately. We naturally perceive the diſtance of objects, in ſome ſort, by all our ſenſes; but by none ſo perfectly as by the eye, which is chiefly intended for that purpoſe. Mr. *Reid* diſtinguiſhes *viſible* and *tangible figure*; and ſuppoſes the *tangible* to be the real figure, and the *viſible* not. But we may be aſſured, that the touch is more liable to fallacy in this reſpect, than the ſight. He aſſerts, that the ſight does not take in all the three dimenſions of figure, without the aid of touch. Nothing ſurely can be more contrary to reaſon and experience. It takes in all the three dimenſions more ſpeedily and exactly, than the touch does. No deception, which it may ſometimes ſuffer from light and ſhade, or from ſome imperfection in the organ, is any argument of weight to the contrary. Provided the organ be perfect, properly ſituated, and properly exerciſed, it takes in all the dimenſions of figure far more exactly than does the touch. The touch can but examine the dimenſions it reaches, any more than can the ſight; neither can it reach them ſo ſoon as the ſight does, nor perceive them ſo perfectly. The idea, which ſight gives, is always a real mental reſemblance of the figure of the object; but not always an exact reſemblance: it is a real reſemblance of ſo much of the object as is perceived: it is exact only when acquired in a ſituation that admits of exactneſs; which is only when an object is near, and can be examined on all ſides. The caſe is juſt the ſame with touch; but touch is more ſlow, and more defective in its acquirements. There is a very good reaſon, why the idea *ought not always* to be an *exact* reſemblance of the object; namely, that we may be able to judge of the diſtance and ſituation of an object, as well by the different idea of figure, which it gives at different diſtances, as by the different colours it exhibits,

exhibits. To judge accurately of this, we muſt indeed have experience, which is neceſſary to judging accurately by any of our ſenſes: for it is by comparing the effect, an object has in one ſituation, with the effect it has in another, by which we are enabled to judge accurately of its ſituation and diſtance. I grant that the ſenſes all aſſiſt each other to enable us to judge of things; but the ſureſt ſenſe, and that which inſtinctively we the moſt confide in, with reſpect to all viſible objects, is the ſight. We are conſcious, that our ſight is our moſt perfect ſenſe. The ſenſes are all but different modes of feeling; and ſight is with us the moſt perfect mode of feeling.

Mr. *Locke* juſtly diſtinguiſhed *primary* from *ſecondary* qualities. Of *primary qualities* the ideas (or appearances or conceptions or ſenſations, call them what you will) I mean the effects on the mind, are always real reſemblances; and the qualities inhere in objects or ſubſtances as our ſenſes repreſent them. But the ideas are not always exact reſemblances: exact they ought not always to be, for the reaſon already aſſigned. Of *ſecondary qualities* the ideas, or mental effects, are no reſemblances of any thing inhering in objects (although our external ſenſes repreſent them, as if they were) they are truly mere ſenſations in the mind. For inſtance, colour is a ſecondary quality. And what is colour? Upon reflection, my common-ſenſe tells me, that colour (ſuppoſe white, red, blue) is merely a ſenſation in my mind, excited by the inſenſible figure and motion of bodies. Figure and motion, which excite that ſenſation, are nothing like colour; they have power only to excite that ſenſation, which I call colour. Colours indeed appear at firſt to be inherent in bodies: but common-ſenſe ſoon convinces us, that body contains nothing like our idea of colour. Sometimes when the eye has contracted a dimneſs, there appears a miſt round every object; though we are ſure there is no ſuch miſt; but that the cauſe of the appearance is in the eye: juſt ſo colours appear to be in objects, but really are not. And good and wiſe is the reaſon for this. The very end of the perception is chiefly to ſuggeſt to us the figure, ſituation, and diſtance of the object; which could not be done, if the colour ſeemed to be ſeated in the ſenſe, and not in the object. There is nothing ſtrange in colours ſeeming to be where they really are not; for the ſame is the caſe in ſounds, and ſmells, and taſtes, and touches, and in all perceptions of ſecondary qualities whatſoever. Though ſounds ſeem to be in the ear, ſmells in the noſe, &c. yet we are ſure, that the ſenſation is really in the mind. Bodily pleaſure and pain are always felt as if they were ſeated in the body, though the ſenſation of both is only in the mind. Even grief, which originates in the mind, is not felt as if ſeated there; but in the heart, head, and abdomen. Perceptions always ſeem to be at ſome diſtance from the percipient; to wit, at ſuch diſtance as is proper to point out the place and diſtance of the thing perceived, or part affected. Yet this rule is

not without exceptions: we ſometimes find, that the feeling of pain is ſeated in a part of the body, remote from that where the cauſe of it lies; as if it was the intention of God to puzzle us in ſome caſes, in order to excite us to more minute enquiry. However, although the place and diſtance are not always exactly pointed out, it holds true in general, that ſuch a direction to them is given as with proper care is ſufficiently uſeful. Surely this ordination is wiſe and neceſſary! A figure reflected from a mirror ſeems to be at a diſtance behind the mirror: here the eye does hugely deceive with regard to the diſtance and ſituation of the object; but it deceives agreeably: the deception reſults from thoſe laws, on which its veracity in other inſtances depends; and the deception is not dangerous.

Colours, and not only colours, but alſo all ſecondary qualities, may be truly ſaid to exiſt only when perceived; for without a percipient they could have no exiſtence, We know indeed that thoſe inſenſible modifications of the primary qualities of objects, whence the ſecondary ariſe, are permanent in their ſubjects; but who will call them colours, or ſounds, or taſtes, or ſmells? They are nothing like what we call ſecondary qualities. It is clear then that thoſe qualities are only ſenſations in a percipient; and that ſound, taſte, ſmell could have no exiſtence without mind as well as body. As they depend on mind and body, I would call them *mixed* qualities: for by calling them *ſecondary* qualities, we are miſled by the phraſe, to fancy they belong to, and inhere in body. For another reaſon I would call them *perceptive* qualities; it is by them ſolely that we perceive external objects: without them we can have no knowledge of any thing beyond our own minds, God or a Cauſe that produced us excepted. The primary qualities are known only by means of the ſecondary: extention and figure are known by colour to the ſight, by reſiſtance to the touch; ſolidity or impenetrability and motion are known by colour to the ſight, and by reſiſtance to the touch. I uſe the word *reſiſtance* to denote a ſecondary quality, becauſe I find no better: I mean by it the ſenſation in the mind, which ariſes from the touch of a body, which I eaſily conceive to be as diſtinct from ſolidity in body, as colour and ſound are diſtinct from figure and motion. The ſonorous power of bodies is known by ſound, the odorous power by ſmells, and ſo forth. It is plain to one that conſiders the matter, that *primary* qualities are known only by the intervention of the *ſecondary*. Even our own bodies are known to ourſelves in no other manner. And what, but qualities of this ſort ought to be the communication between body and mind? I would therefore call them *mixed* or *perceptive* or *medial* qualities: and the primary, I would call *inherent* qualities. It is, I repeat, by theſe *mixed*, *perceptive*, or *medial* qualities, that we acquire all our knowledge of the *inherent* qualities of external things: why then ſhould Mr. *Reid* object to Mr. *Locke's* ſyſtem,

ſyſtem, as if we had not all our ideas by ſenſation and and reflection? There had been no impropriety in ſaying, that we receive all our ideas by ſenſation; for reflexion is but the ſenſation of what paſſes in our own minds. All our ideas evidently ariſe from ſenſation and reflexion: by ſenſation we acquire the ideas of ſecondary qualities; and through them the ideas of the primary, equally diſtinct and clear: and from both we perceive the neceſſity of a *ſomething*, which we call *ſubſtance*, from which they riſe: therefore by ſenſation we receive all ſorts of ideas. It is abſurd to diſpute this matter. For what faculty have we to know any thing, but the Senſe, or if you will, Common-ſenſe.

Here I muſt obſerve, in juſtice to the incomparable *Locke*, that his opponents generally have cenſured his opinions, either through an ignorance of them, or an impertinent ſpirit of cavil. He is not indeed infallible: nor are his terms always accurate or proper; but few works, I think, are leſs exceptionable than his Eſſay on human underſtanding. Dr. *Beattie* aſſerts, "That his "firſt book tends to eſtabliſh this dangerous doctrine, that the "human mind, previous to education and habit, is as ſuſceptible "of any one impreſſion as of any other: a doctrine, which, if "true, would go near to prove, that Truth and Virtue are no "better than human contrivances; or, at leaſt, that they have "nothing permanent in their nature, but may be as changeable "as the inclinations and capacities of men; and that, as we un"derſtand the term, there is no ſuch thing as Common-ſenſe in "the world." Where did the Dr. find in *Locke* ought of ſuch dangerous tendency? Did he imagine that *Locke*, when he exploded *innate ideas*, and conſequently *innate principles* (*i. e.* principles of knowledge or propoſitions) did alſo explode the *principles* (*i. e.* the powers and inſtincts) of the mind? He muſt, I think, have imagined thus, to bring ſuch a charge: yet nothing could be more groundleſs. He muſt have been miſled by the word *principles* to underſtand *Locke* of the principles (or powers) of the mind, as well as of principles (or propoſitions) of knowledge; than which nothing can be more erroneous: *Locke*, in the place alluded to, is ſpeaking only of principles of knowledge or propoſitions, which he rightly aſſerts muſt be as adventitious, as the ideas, of which they are formed: and the mind, in reſpect to them, muſt be originally blank, even as a piece of white paper is void of letters and written principles. If any one chuſes to ſuppoſe, that the mind has ſome ideas as ſoon as it is a mind, or as ſoon as it becomes a percipient, I have no objection: ideas are ſtill adventitious; and conſequently ſo are all principles of knowledge; they are not innate, or born in the mind: it receives them by ſenſation. Though it may receive ſome ideas as ſoon as it has the power of perception, *i. e.* though they may be coeval with it in point of time, yet they muſt be poſterior to it in order of nature. The effect is always neceſſarily poſterior in the order of nature to the thing that is its cauſe, though in reſpect to time, it may be coeval with it.

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The exiſtence of ideas neceſſarily ſuppoſes a prior exiſtence both of a percipient, and of objects perceived: prior, I mean, in order of nature. *Locke* did not, and I believe no man ever did, doubt the innateneſs of the principles (or powers) of the mind. That ſenſe, by which we perceive good and evil, both natural and moral, and by which we judge of them, and have neceſſarily deſires and averſions reſpecting them, is undoubtedly innate and eſſential to the mind: love of good, moral as well as natural, and hate of evil of both kinds, are neceſſary inſtincts of the mind, neceſſarily riſing, when the objects are preſented. Benevolence, juſtice, generoſity, gratitude, &c. are inſtincts neceſſarily riſing from the nature of the mind, as much as love of pleaſure and dread of pain, hunger and thirſt, and ſuch like. That the mind has a native power, an innate diſpoſition and fitneſs, to receive all the ſenſations it can receive, and to make all the exertions it can make, I believe no man was ever ſuch a ſot as to deny; but then it cannot exert that power, nor have thoſe ſenſations, without the proper objects; and the knowledge of thoſe objects muſt be adventitious; and conſequently the knowledge of the rules or principles of action, reſpecting thoſe objects, muſt be adventitious too. This is all that *Locke* contends for. He teaches as emphatically as the Dr. and with more perſpicacity, that the ſenſe or percipient faculty of the mind (which the Dr. calls Common-ſenſe) does inſtinctively and neceſſarily receive ideas, does form principles, and judge of them, and approve or reject them, when the proper objects occur, to enable it ſo to do: but he will not allow ideas, nor principles compoſed of ideas, *i. e.* propoſitions, to be innate: in which he is undeniably right. In the way of proving this, he ſhews that ideas may be inadequate and practical principles wrong, and conſequently our deſires and averſions miſguided: all which is undeniably right.

What has the Dr. to object to all this? I cannot ſee that *Locke* is more dangerous than *Beattie*. I think indeed, that in the chapter intitled *No innate practical principles*, *Locke* might have expreſſed himſelf more clearly, and ſatisfactorily. He might have ſhewn how the mind has naturally the moral affections as ſoon as their objects are known, howſoever they may be ſtifled or perverted by the prevalence of other affections, or by bad practical principles of knowledge: and this he might have done ſo as to render his great point more conſpicuous, viz. *that practical principles of knowledge are to be acquired by experience, and a knowledge of the relations of things.* His definition of duty or obligation is alſo inadequate. Common-ſenſe, taken as Dr. *Beattie* profeſſedly intends it (tho' he does not always ſtick to one meaning in the uſe of that word) Common-ſenſe, I ſay, or the *communis intelligentia* of *Cicero*, or the percipient faculty by which we perceive and judge of things, does often fall into miſtakes; *This* Dr. *Beattie* cannot deny: It often errs in the moſt common things: hence ſeveral notions have been, and ſtill are, generally received as true,

which

which never could be admitted, if things were better underſtood. The only way to rectify the errors of the mind, as thoſe of ſight, or any other external ſenſe, is to uſe a cloſer attention, and deeper inveſtigation. The mind muſt rectify itſelf by a ſtronger exertion of its ſenſe. It is by a better uſe of the ſenſe, that the learned ſee farther than the unlearned; and diſcover many things to be really otherwiſe, than the generality apprehend them to be. And although an intenſe application of the ſenſe may ſometimes carry men into great and fatal errors, ſuch application is not to be diſcouraged; for it is by the ſame means, that we muſt correct thoſe errors, and improve in the knowledge of truth. I blame not *Berkley* or *Hume*, whom Dr. *Beattie* ſo briſkly attacks, for the mere miſtakes of their enquiries; nay, I greatly commend them for their attempts, ſo far as they had no ill deſign. The like application in other men will always diſprove them, and ſet the knowledge of truth on a firmer baſis. They uſed Common-ſenſe as much as Dr. *Beattie*; but not to ſo good purpoſe; but I think, after all, that their works can do no harm, except to thoſe who are glad to be ſo harmed. By prompting enquiry they do good; and procure their own antidote. And if, with *Berkley*, ſome deny the exiſtence of matter; and, with *Hume*, ſome deny the exiſtence both of matter and ſpirit; no ill conſequence can be drawn by fair inference from thoſe premiſes: for they, who hold thoſe opinions, have ſtill the ſame perceptions and ſenſations as other men: and conſequently their obligations and their conduct, if conſiſtent, will be the ſame. They will have the ſame hopes and fears; the ſame deſires and averſions; and conſequently muſt act in the ſame manner. *Hume* indeed has advanced ſeveral impious opinions, which would be dangerous, if they could be ſupported; but they by no means flow neceſſarily from his doctrine of perceptions. Their prepoſtereouſneſs and weakneſs (or in Dr. *Beattie's* phraſeology) their repugnance to Common-ſenſe, will never permit them to obtain the leaſt footing in a ſound mind. His denying our having any idea of power and cauſation, and his conſequently excluding the idea of a God, is a daring ſtroke; but it will procure him neither credit nor quiet. Could he annihilate the idea and the Being of God, what would he profit? For ought he knows, he may for ever be that *bundle of perceptions*, he is now; and for ought he knows, that bundle of perceptions may be as miſerable, as ever were any that clung in a ſwarm: but as God will exiſt in ſpite of him, his bold profaneneſs is horrible.

Perhaps it might conduce to perſpicuity, in ſome inſtances, to diſtinguiſh ſenſations into *impreſſions* and *ideas*; for ſo they evidently diſtinguiſh themſelves. By the firſt I mean the ſenſation of objects, in the act of impreſſion; by the laſt, the ſenſation of their marks or effects on the mind, when the act of impreſſion is paſt. Yet I do not like the word *impreſſion*, if a better could be found; becauſe it more properly ſignifies an act of the object, than

than a ſenſation of the mind, which in this caſe is the thing intended. However, I only throw this in as an hint. Over-nice diſtinctions rather confound than explain. I ſhall, in this work, conſtantly uſe the word *idea* in that comprehenſive ſenſe, intended by Mr. *Locke*, *i. e.* to ſignify all perceptions of the mind.

Ideas are ſigns of things, in ſome manner, as diagrams and words are ſigns of ideas. Ideas of primary qualities (which I call *inherent*) are *mental reſemblances* of things, as a picture is a *material reſemblance* of its original; and are more or leſs exact, as the object is more or leſs accurately ſurveyed. Ideas of ſecondary qualities (which I call *mixed*, *perceptive*, or *medial*) are no reſemblances of Things, any more than pain is of the point of a ſword: for they are only modes of perceiving Things. Ideas of primary qualities may be compared to diagrams, which reſemble the external things they ſtand for: ideas of ſecondary qualities may be compared to words, which do not reſemble the external things they ſtand for. But ideas of ſecondary qualities are unlike words in this reſpect, they are ſigns fixed by nature, and therefore immutable; whereas words are only arbitrary ſigns, and therefore changeable at pleaſure.

Ideas are effects on the mind, which probably take up no place: yet the mind is not capable of ſuſtaining many of them at once. They give as great certainty of their cauſe as of themſelves. We are as conſcious of an external cauſe producing the ideas which come in by ſenſation, as of the ideas themſelves. Alſo the ideas ariſing from reflexion, make us equally conſcious of their internal cauſe; viz. the mind. We are in reſpect to both ſorts, equally conſcious of the cauſe and the effect; and cannot eaſily doubt of the one, or of the other. The idea of cauſation is one of the earlieſt we acquire; it reſults neceſſarily from the nature of our mind, and from the ſituation we are in.

I ſhall be excuſed for the liberty of mentioning Mr. *Reid's*, and Dr. *Beattie's* names, with ſome diſapprobation of their works, when it is conſidered, that I could not ſo briefly and clearly make myſelf underſtood without referring to their books; and when I declare, that I have no partiality for authors or opinions, independent of truth. My deſign is not to build an hypothetical ſyſtem at all events; but to take nature as I find it, and in words explain it as well as I can. This I conceive to be right philoſophizing.

(4) Having obſerved that without Will all the other powers of the mind would be uſeleſs: it may be added in a note, that without the other powers, will would be uſeleſs too. Indeed any one power would be uſeleſs without the reſt, unleſs we except ſenſe. Suppoſing the chief end of a creature to be happineſs, ſenſe alone might enable it to be happy; as, in our ideas, nothing but ſenſe is abſolutely neceſſary to that end: paſſion without action might ſuffice. But, upon every ſuppoſition, Will would be uſeleſs without

without Senſe: a mind with Will and without Senſe (if a mind it might be called) as it would be capable only of acting without perceiving, muſt act either at random, and to no purpoſe, or neceſſarily, in ſuch manner as its nature and its circumſtances might determine: Since void of ſenſe, and conſequently incapable of pleaſure or pain, moral good or evil, it muſt act either by chance or fate. However after all, there is nothing in this or any other poſſible obſervation, which ſhould hinder us from conſidering Will as the moſt eminent power of the mind; it is that power which both exerts the reſt, and chiefly qualifies the mind for the nobleſt purpoſes.

(5) Here it may be proper to give the following definitions all together. I. Of *moral* and *natural Good* and *Evil*. Natural Good is pleaſure; Natural Evil is pain. Moral Good is the right voluntary exertion of the powers; or acting agreeable to the moral relations of things: Moral Evil is the wrong voluntary exertion of our powers; or acting contrary to the moral relations of things. Natural Good and Evil conſiſt in paſſion; and Moral Good and Evil conſiſt in action. II. Of *Virtue* and *Vice*. Neither of theſe (ſtrictly ſpeaking) is action or paſſion; but they are the temper, whence actions and paſſions proceed. Virtue is a good, Vice a bad, moral temper. III. Of *Happineſs* and *Miſery*. The firſt is pleaſure, founded on Virtue, and maintained by moral Good; the laſt is pain, accompanying Vice, and induced by moral Evil. Pleaſure, without Virtue and moral Good, has not the true nature of Happineſs; for theſe, by the frame of nature, are eſſential to Happineſs: Neither has pain without Vice and moral Evil the true nature of Miſery; for theſe are likewiſe eſſential to Miſery. Pleaſure attended with Vice and moral Evil, is incompatible with Happineſs; ſo pain, attended with Virtue and moral Good, is conducive to Happineſs, and often preventive of Miſery.

(6) Man is made, not only for probation, but alſo for progreſſion, like moſt other things; and his own attention and application are appointed to be indiſpenſably neceſſary both for the perfecting of his powers (whether of body or mind) and for the attaining of their proper ends. Some indeed are happier than others in the native vigour, and natural growth of their powers: and ſome have naturally a greater aptitude than others to certain ſtudies and employments, as well as to virtues and vices: However it is manifeſt, that attention and application are neceſſary in all, to perfect their powers, and complete their aptitude. A man with leſs abilities, who uſes proper application, will out-ſtrip another of greater abilities, who neglects application. On the ſame ground, no theory without practice will qualify a man for any thing: for inſtance, no ſkill in logic will make a good reaſoner, without cloſe attention to, and ſtrict examination of the ſubject reaſoned upon. No perſon's taſte, in any of

the arts, will ever be juſt and exquiſite, howſoever apt by nature his faculties, unleſs he hath exerciſed himſelf on the object, to perceive and diſtinguiſh accurately concerning it.

(7) To prevent a miſunderſtanding, it may be proper to explain the caſe here ſuppoſed; which, tho' impoſſible to exiſt, is poſſible enough to be imagined. Suppoſing that the creatures could carve out for themſelves an happineſs independent of, and contrary to, the moral relations of things and the will of God; and, by conſpiring in rebellion, could prevent his puniſhing them: in this caſe, a good creature ought not to conſpire with the reſt; but ſhould obey the will of its creator, though to the loſs of its own happineſs, and to the deſtruction of all: for even in this caſe, it is ſupremely fit, that the Creature ſhould obey the Creator; it being always ſuppoſed that the Creator is juſt and good. In confirmation of this, we may obſerve, that not unfrequently caſes do actually happen, wherein we can augment our own happineſs in this life, and ſometimes alſo that of others, without the leaſt diminiſhing the happineſs of any; yet to augment happineſs would be wicked, becauſe contrary to the moral order appointed by the divine Will. This, in all ſuch caſes, we are extremely conſcious of, even whether we will or no: And conſequently are ſenſible, that the happineſs of ourſelves, and of other creatures, is only a ſecondary conſideration; and muſt yield to that of order, moral fitneſs, and obedience to the divine Will. It is plain, that, in ſuch caſes, to ſnatch an interdicted pleaſure could not diminiſh the ſum of happineſs either here or hereafter, but would increaſe it; if God did not puniſh the violation of moral order, merely as ſuch; and condemn us for increaſing happineſs contrary to his will: therefore, both in God's account and our own, moral rectitude is preferable to happineſs; and the creature's pleaſure is to be ſacrificed to moral fitneſs, and to the Creator's Will. Nature, or Common-ſenſe (*natura — communis intelligentia*, as *Cicero* ſaid long ago) obliges us to conſider piety, benevolence, juſtice and mercy, as deſirable for their own ſakes, as much as bread and wine, or any thing elſe, which our nature determines us to eſteem *Good*; and we are alſo obliged by Nature and Common-ſenſe to eſteem thoſe moral qualities as preferable to all things elſe.

(8) I have obſerved, not without ſome ſurpriſe, that ſeveral ſenſible authors take occaſion to argue from our ignorance of the whole of things, that we ought to be ſatisfied with the ſevere, and ſeemingly unjuſt diſpenſations of Providence towards individuals, in the ſcene before us; becauſe, poſſibly, God could not, conſiſtently with the general good, make all individuals happy. To confirm this, they bring a compariſon; almighty God is likened to earthly princes, who are often obliged to permit ſmaller evils to avoid greater: but by this compariſon they are miſled: why do they not diſcover, that, in ſuch reſpect, no compariſon can be drawn

drawn between any limitary being and the almighty? Princes muſt take things as they are; God can make things what he pleaſes. The only reaſon of God's ſuffering things to be as they are, muſt be, not any *natural*, but a *moral*, neceſſity: not becauſe he could not *naturally* order things otherwiſe, but becauſe it would be *morally* unfit, that he ſhould: not becauſe he could not make the whole happy; but becauſe it is fit, for trial's ſake, that individuals ſhould be afflicted; yea, fit in reſpect of the individuals themſelves, both for their trial and advancement in happineſs. Accordingly the true ſcripture doctrine is, *that all things work together for good to them that love God.*

Archbiſhop *King*, on the Origin of Evil, and many other writers on the ſame ſubject have taken great pains to ſhew, that, *Things being conſtituted as they are, muſt be ſubject to Evil.* Who did ever doubt of that? We know that a thing cannot *be and not be* at the ſame time. Such arguments are nothing to the purpoſe, unleſs we ſuppoſe that things muſt neceſſarily be as they are, becauſe their principles are eternal, uncauſed, and independent on the power of God; then indeed we may aſcribe the origin of evil to them; but we may not, if God created them freely to be whatſoever he pleaſed. The queſtion is not, *why does evil reſult from things conſtituted as they are?* But *why are things ſo conſtituted? Why ſo liable to Evil?* The queſtion does not reſt on the nature of the creatures, unleſs we ſuppoſe their principles to be eternal, uncauſed, and independent; but refers *wholly to the power and will of the Creator.* The Archbiſhop mentions three kinds of evil, which he ſuppoſes God could not exclude out of his creation, without incurring a greater inconvenience by excluding alſo a portion of happineſs; but his arguments to this purpoſe are evidently groundleſs, and in ſome reſpects, contradictory. The three kinds of evil, he mentions, are *the Evil of Defect, natural Evil*, and *moral Evil*. The evil of defect he deduces from this, that *no creature can be abſolutely perfect*; for *that imperfection is inſeparable from the nature of a creature.* But he ought to have diſtinguiſhed between *abſolute* and *relative* perfection. We grant, that the higheſt creature poſſible, cannot be *abſolutely perfect*; it muſt want, at leaſt, ſelf-exiſtence, and independence. But we deny, that abſolute perfection is neceſſary to happineſs: *relative perfection* is ſufficient; *i. e.* when a creature is fit to its place and end, to act its part in the ſyſtem to which it belongs, and to be happy. For a creature to be any thing more or leſs would be imperfection: redundance or defect would equally conſtitute a monſter; therefore the perfection of a creature can be relative only. But this does not exclude the idea of happineſs, but far the contrary, it actually includes it: happineſs is one condition of relative perfection, or is the ſummit of perfection in this view. Want of abſolute perfection is not properly defect in a creature; only want of relative perfection is ſo; only want of fitneſs to act its part and be happy in

its place. He grants as much, when he aſſerts, that the greateſt part of the creatures *are happy*; only he has a fancy, that a part muſt be unhappy from their place, or claſs in the creation; which is only a mere fancy: for he can give no ſolid reaſon why God could not make one part as happy as another. He indeed lays the blame on matter, which he makes the next ſource of natural evil; but this is equally misjudged as the other notion; unleſs he will ſuppoſe matter to be independent on God, and uncontroulable by his power. What he ſays about the motion of matter, and the neceſſity of God's interpoſing perpetually to prevent the diſſolution of bodies, is trifling: certainly God could diſpoſe matter to form and perpetuate bodies as laſting as he pleaſed; and ſuch a diſpoſition when fixed, would be as natural as the preſent: and indeed I cannot help conſidering an *happy diſpoſition* of things as their truly *natural diſpoſition*; and the preſent *unhappy diſpoſition* is, I think, rather to be eſteemed *unnatural* and *miraculous*, being introduced only by the decree of God, in conſequence of ſin. If God could not create matter without making it produce evil, why did he create it at all? It could not be created for itſelf, becauſe it is incapable either of happineſs or miſery, of vice or virtue. Well, but they will ſay, that its exiſtence was neceſſary for the ſake of certain ſpirits. How do they know that? They ſay that happineſs on the whole was advanced by it. How do they know that? Yet they ſay evil was introduced by it. A ſtrange contradiction! and how do they know that? All this is *gratis dictum*. On their ſcheme no reaſon appears why matter ſhould be as it is, or be at all; but rather ſtrong reaſons why it ſhould either be otherwiſe, or not at all: on mine, an excellent reaſon appears, as I hope has been clearly explained: the reaſon is, to eſtabliſh a due mechaniſm for the ſake of trial, &c. In ſome places the archbiſhop ſeems to ſuppoſe, that God admitted evil for the ſake of variety: *He made*, ſays he, *as great a variety of exiſtences as poſſible, and therefore could not exclude evil from ſome claſſes of his works*. But now if evil was admitted for the ſake of variety, there muſt be as much variety of evil as poſſible; and conſequently not happineſs, but variety, was his principal end. But if God meant happineſs the chief end, he ought to make only as great a variety as conſiſted with happineſs. Since there is no neceſſary connexion between exiſtence and evil, nor between ſubordination and evil; we believe that God might have made as great a number of exiſtences as he pleaſed, and all entirely free from evil: there could be no need of evil for the ſake of a greater number of exiſtences! no, nor for variety's ſake, any otherwiſe than to modify exiſtences in evil. And why ſhould God create evil for the ſake of variety, by modifying exiſtences in evil? They ſay that good is more increaſed thereby; but this is ſaying any thing at pleaſure: It is far from appearing ſo. We know no neceſſary connection or dependence of good upon evil. We allow that God's wiſdom and

power

power might in ſome ſenſe be diſplayed by creating evil; but then ſuch an exertion of wiſdom and power would be inconſiſtent with goodneſs; and would therefore degenerate into cruelty and folly. How much more rational is the ſcheme, which ſuppoſes, that God entirely excluded evil, as far as he could, admitting free-will; and that evil is not original in nature, but a monſtrous conſequence ariſing ſolely from will's abuſe. Beſides, this ſcheme alone agrees with revelation, which no where aſcribes any kind of evil to impotence in God, to his want of power to give rectitude and happineſs; nor to a neceſſary incapacity inſeparable from a created nature to receive them (as theſe authors do) but evil is there aſcribed to the abuſe of will in the creature, and to God's conſequent infliction of frailty. Nay, Revelation plainly ſuppoſes, that God has power to give rectitude and happineſs; and that the creature is capable of receiving them. The admiſſion of evil is no way to be accounted for, with any tolerable ſhew of reaſon, but either on this ſcheme, which is the true one; or on a ſuppoſition, that God placed ſome creatures under evil originally, in order both to diſplay a variety at firſt, and to manifeſt his goodneſs afterwards in rewarding them according to their merits and ſufferings: but this laſt ſuppoſition is not true, howſoever reconcilable it may be to the divine attributes. To ſuppoſe an impotence in God to beſtow happineſs, is groundleſs and impious; to ſuppoſe a neceſſary incapacity in the nature of a creature to receive it, is groundleſs and abſurd; becauſe the creature muſt be what the Creator wills; happy if God pleaſes, in whatever rank it ſtands; ſince there is no unavoidable connexion between exiſtence and miſery, nor between ſubordination and miſery. Thoſe writers endeavour to obviate every imputation againſt the goodneſs of God, ariſing from their ſcheme, by ſaying that good is advanced by the admiſſion of evil, and that the evil is far overbalanced by the good. This however is altogether *gratis dictum:* it is far from appearing, either that good is advanced by evil, or that evil is over-balanced by good. I (though certainly neither gloomy, nor profane) am perſuaded that the over-balance of good, ſo much inſiſted on, is not viſible: nor to me is it tangible. I know indeed, that my caſe peculiarly incites to complain, eſpecially of evils reſulting from iniquity. With a temper and conduct the beſt adapted for happineſs, almoſt my whole life has been a ſeries of miſeries, owing chiefly, if not entirely, to the injuries of bad people: who altogether without juſt cauſe or provocation, ſome with baſe ingratitude, and not a few with the moſt diabolical virulence, conceived the vile folly to become mine enemies. Though no man was ever an enemy to me, without being a greater to himſelf, by violating his honour and integrity, yet many enemies have I found, among thoſe, of whom the inexperienced would imagine, nothing but integrity and honour could be expected. My peculiar circumſtances have afforded me too much opportunity of trying and knowing

knowing the moral tempers of mankind; I mean, of thoſe about me: and though I have met with ſeveral worthy perſons, yet the over-balance appears to be much in the worthleſs ſcale. This being moſt true, I have certainly reaſon enough to call this, a wicked world. But my judgment of good and evil at large, is not perverted by any ſufferings of my own: it is not from my ſingle caſe, that I judge of the whole: all that ever I ſaw, or heard, or read, concerning every ſpecies of this world's inhabitants, convinces me that evil is not over-balanced by good. And if we are at preſent as happy as God can make us in this rank or claſs; I think we have little reaſon to hope for better in any other: not only becauſe that, on their ſuppoſition, *that the ſuperior claſſes are already full*, there can be no room for us to riſe; but becauſe, if we could riſe, we know not what is above; we know not that happineſs is greater there; we may doubt whether God can make us happy any where; for we ſee here that the higheſt ranks are not always the happieſt. But if we grant this to be the true ſuppoſition, *that all unhappineſs originates from ſin* (and neither from impotence in God to give, nor from remedileſs incapacity in us to receive, happineſs) we may juſtly hope, that, after a due time of trial, and ſin's purgation, we ſhall be perfectly happy; we ſhall, in conſequence of acquiring righteouſneſs, be advanced to bleſſedneſs and glory.

I have obſerved that *relative perfection alone* is competent to a created nature, conſidering it merely as a *creature*; but there is another reaſon why relative perfection alone is proper to a creature; that is, conſidering it as *a probationer*. For only a ſtate of relative perfection can admit of proper changes to reward probation. Relative perfection admits of degrees and advances, which abſolute perfection does not. Relative perfection is capable perhaps of being advanced (if God pleaſes) to ſuch a pitch, as to be nothing ſhort of abſolute perfection, except in ſelf-exiſtence and independence. Theſe advances indeed muſt be made in ſuch a manner as to conſiſt with the order of the reſt of the ſyſtem, without cauſing redundance in one part, or defect in another: and to this God has a thouſand expedients. We muſt think very meanly of God, if we cannot believe, that he can change the ranks of individuals, and alſo of ſyſtems, without introducing into his works any chaſm or confuſion: He can either annihilate or augment any part of his works, if he pleaſes, without cauſing any diſorder or inconvenience to the reſt: He corrects all redundancies, he ſupplies all deficiencies, as he will, with more facility than you or I move a finger.

(9) *Death* is every where in ſcripture (as well as by common apprehenſion) underſtood to be a penalty; and indeed were it not ſo, we ſhould be no more averſe from dying at a fit ſeaſon, than from going to ſleep, when we are weary. The right idea of death is, that it is a penalty; and not that it is either annihilation,

or

or an entire ſuppreſſion of ſenſe. If it were annihilation, it would fruſtrate every worthy purpoſe of being: if it were an entire ſuppreſſion of ſenſe, it would, while death ſhould continue, fruſtrate the greateſt purpoſe, probation. Therefore death is a painful, or at leaſt a diſgraceful ſeparation of body and ſoul, and a ſubſequent humiliation. It is this, which makes it a penalty, even to the good; although them it may bring to repoſe and conſolation in the ſtate of the dead. Death is not properly a loſs of life (it only ſeems ſo to us, who ſee nothing but the body) but it is an alienation of life from the body by ſeparating the ſoul, and an humiliation of the ſoul afterwards. The ſoul ſtill lives in the region of ſpirits: *All live to God.* This is the right idea of death, according to reaſon, revelation and all antiquity. That the ancients of all denominations entertained this notion is a fact ſo evident from their writings and cuſtoms, that I am ſurpriſed how any one can deny it. We have moſt ample evidence that they believed it; and not the leaſt hint that it was ever doubted or diſputed, 'till later ages; and then only among the Jewiſh Sadducees, and ſome few heathen philoſophers. Our Saviour and his his apoſtles made no objection to, nor alteration in, the notion of an intermediate ſtate, as it was in their time held among the Jews; but rather aſſerted and confirmed it; as became him, and the followers of him, who purpoſely viſited the world incarnate, to illuſtrate and confirm the great doctrines of life and immortality, bleſſings from the beginning promiſed to mankind to be ratified and perfected thro him, the promiſed ſeed. Where our Saviour ſays—*Fear not them, that kill the body, but are not able to kill the ſoul*, it is moſt certainly implied, that the ſoul lives, when the body is dead. (See Gen. 35. 18. I. Kings, 17. 21. Matth. 10. 28. Acts, 2. 23. I. Cor. 5. 5. II. Cor. 4. 16.) And whereſoever he, or his apoſtles ſpeak of the dead, as being aſleep, it is plain that their language is metaphorical; and commonly the body only is ſpoken of. That they ſuppoſed the ſoul, whatever be its eſſence, to be ſomething diſtinct from the viſible body, is undeniable: nor is it by any means reaſonable to think otherwiſe: the organization of the body (to mention nothing elſe) clearly intimates, that the ſoul is ſomething diſtinct from the body, as a man who works a machine is diſtinct from the machine itſelf. And they as certainly ſuppoſed the ſoul to live and act without the viſible body; though perhaps not without ſome kind of body; for ſeveral of the ancients thought that the ſoul always has ſomething of a body about it, conſiſting of an aerial or luminous matter; and that the ſoul itſelf was a matter of its own kind.

It muſt be granted, that the principle of life, or the ſoul, is, in every claſs of being where it is found, ſomething of a nature very inſcrutable. It ſeems that there is a ſcale of *life* (if I may be permitted to uſe the word *life* in a more than ordinary comprehenſive meaning) commencing even with ſome kinds of minerals,

and

and afcending through the vegetative orders up to the animal, and reaching to an height unknown: but it is certain, that the viſible corporeal chain terminates with man. If we conſider the principle of life, as it appears in animals only, we ſhall be deeply amuſed. In thoſe called *the more perfect*, the principle of life is confined to its ſeat in one part; from which ſeat, if any member be diſunited, that member loſes life: and in but few inſtances can the life reproduce a ſupplementary member. But in thoſe animals, which are called *the leſs perfect*, the principle of life ſeems to be diffuſed and diviſible: in many inſtances it remains in the diſunited members a long time after the diſunion; in ſeveral, it reproduces ſupplementary members; and in ſome, it even propagates each ſegment (as is common with vegetables) into a new complete animal, of the ſame ſpecies with the original. To aſcribe theſe effects to mere mechaniſm, is futile; our ſenſes aſſure us, as clearly as poſſible, that life, or a ſoul, is concerned: a ſoul, endued with all the properties of ſuch, ſuitable to the reſpective kind, is one indeſpenſable acceſſary in the cauſe. How eſſentially different the principles of life may be in the different kinds, is not poſſible to be known; we ſee the difference of effects. That the principle of life exiſts independent of the viſible organized body, in ſome kinds, ſeems to be certain; it is neither impoſſible, nor improbable, that it does ſo in all. *Death*, in ſome ranks of being, is perhaps only a *diſunion*, followed by an immediate *exaltation* on the ſcale (to happineſs or miſery, or not); in man it is declared to be a *diſunion* followed by an immediate *humiliation*, (in which either greater happineſs or miſery is ſuppoſed to take place; and) which is to continue until the reſurrection and final retribution commence.

If death had never happened, a migration from this probationary ſtate, either into another ſtate of probation, or into a ſtate of retribution, would have been neceſſary: the very notion of a probationary ſtate implies as much; unleſs we will ſuppoſe, that God might have granted a full retribution here; which we can hardly ſuppoſe, while the world continues a probationary ſtate; both becauſe ſuch conduct ſeems contrary to his uſual method of aſſigning different places, as well as different ſeaſons, to his different diſpenſations; and alſo becauſe the earth could not contain at once the ſeveral generations of men and other animals, deſtined to live upon it, unleſs the original conſtitution both of it and them ſhould be altered. If then all had ſtood perfect, a migration of animals from this ſtate was probably intended: but that migration would not have been made by death, *i. e.* in diſgrace and pain; but by a way very oppoſite, by tranſlation, with pleaſure and applauſe.

Socinus's reaſons for ſuppoſing that *Man at firſt was naturally mortal, if not exempted from death by a divine influence*, are altogether futile; as indeed is the ſuppoſition itſelf; for what is mortality or immor-

immortality, but an effect of the divine pleasure and ordination? One of his reason is, *the power of multiplying*, which he supposes incompatible with immortals. But surely it is not: God does all his works by progression and in season. And besides, were a power of multiplying incompatible with immortality, it would be equally so with his imaginary divine influence, whereby he supposes life would have been for ever preserved, if sin had not happened. Another reason is, *The use of food, and of the tree of life.* Nothing to the purpose! God causes every thing to be done by means, and by the agency of his creatures: Immortality, be what it would, was necessarily to depend on conditions; and among others, it pleased God that it should depend on the use of these means. Another reason is, that *Man's body is mean and corruptible.* True! it is so now; but certainly was not then. Its painful and disgraceful corruptibility is a consequence of God's malediction. This does scripture suppose in the whole tenor of it, and often expresly assure us of; the apostle calls our present bodies, the *bodies of our humiliation*, Phil. 3. 21. which phrase implies, that man's body was originally of another and nobler sort. Another of Socinus's reasons is, that *All the causes of death existed before man sinned.* This assertion is groundless in reason, and flatly contrary to scripture. The causes of death originated from the curse of God sentenced upon sin; or from his decree which preordained all things to become mortal, upon a fall. This all scripture supposes, and in many places asserts. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon (who certainly deserves peculiar attention on this point, as an ancient and wise man, well acquainted with patriarchal traditions, if not inspired) assures us, that not only actual death, but mortality, or the susceptibility of death, entered by sin. Chap. I. Doubtless St. Paul meant the same. I. Cor. 15. *Socinus's* last reason is, that *man was formed of the earth:* but what is this to the purpose? Does this imply any necessity of mortality? By no means!

(10) Surely this account of the Origin of Evil is most rational, suiting the natures both of God and his Creatures. I cannot conceive how any one can imagine any difficulty in it; especially as it perfectly agrees with God's acknowledged œconomy in other respects. Evil is intailed from the Fall, to testify in a strong and permanent manner, God's love of righteousness and hate of iniquity, Christ died a sacrifice for sin on the same account. The Deluge, the Confusion of Tongues, the Contraction of Life, and many other events, were all wrought for the self same end; and affected posterity somewhat in like manner as did the original fall. I am confident that nothing is more impossible than to conceive a better method than that, which God has pursued, as set forth in the Bible, to attest his love of righteousness and hate of iniquity, which must be his great end in a moral system. How-

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ſoever ſtrange ſome parts may appear, taken ſingly, they have all an admirable fitneſs, in a proper view of the whole.

(11) Some object, that to ordain depravity as a correction of ſin, is like chaſtiſing a drunkard by giving him a greater propenſity for liquor; or puniſhing a thief by increaſing his deſire to ſteal. Very true! What force has the objection? To a ſhallow ſpeculatiſt it may ſeem to have ſome; but a juſt reaſoner will contemn it; nay, will turn it againſt the objector: for the very inſtances adduced are proofs, that God has ordained the growth of evil habits as a puniſhment of evil. Depravity conſiſts in a blindneſs joined with an ill inclination: Theſe indeed increaſe the pronenes to ſin; but the ſenſe of this will alarm a duly reflecting mind to avoid it: The danger of falling will make one more careful to ſtand. Experience ſhews, that depravity, as well as pain, is a ſanction againſt ſinning, as well as an occaſion of ſevere trial. The greater the hazard is, the greater conſequently ſhould be the care and ſtruggle to ſhun it: Depravity therefore, as God hath ordain'd it, is one of the moſt proper ſanctions againſt depravity; ſo proper, that none fitter could be introduced into a probationary ſtate.

END OF THE NOTES TO BOOK II.

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